LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

BY JOHN GALT, Esq.

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"THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," &c.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And with it all my travel's history.

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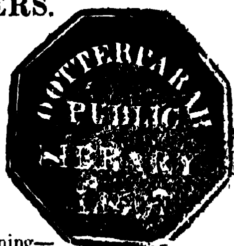
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS.



PART VII

CHAPTER I.

From the dark blue sea returning—
  From far, far lands I come;
Ah, wherefore swells my bosom—
  All silent is my home.

I FOUND, on my arrival at New York, the good ship Fanny, commanded by Capt. Daniel H. Braine, on the eve of sailing for Greenock on the River Clyde. I took my passage in her—a cabin-passage: what a difference in the equipage of my return home to Scotland, and the caravan of human cattle in which I bade adieu to my native land!

The period of the ship's departure allowed

me only two days to spend in the city among my old friends and acquaintances, but I made it a brisk time, for I did not omit to call on a single one: had I been a lord or a prince, I could not have been received by them with kinder welcomes. It afforded great pleasure to Mr. Primly to hear that my son Robin was conducting himself so creditably well; and Mr. Ferret likewise expressed himself with a warm regard for the lad, who wanted, as he said, but a steady hand to guide him. I have spent few such days of blithe hospitality as those two in New York.

But the time was not altogether given to recreation and pleasure: I had an eye to business and profit also. The fame of our settlements by this time, like that of Childe Moris' father, had waxen wide, and many adventurous mechanics and other 'sponsible persons, hearing that I, the celebrated Mr. Lawrie Todd, of Judiville, was in town, called to learn the particulars of the encouragement we gave to settlers; and many, in consequence of what I told them—and I made it a point to tell nothing but the dry truth—packed up their ends and their awls, and set out for the land of promise. These, as I afterwards heard, drew numbers of their com-

panions after them, insomuch that Mr. Herbert informed me in a letter, which I received while in Scotland, that my visit to New York had not been worth less than a hundred families to the population of our town.

On the morning of the day appointed for the ship's departure, I went on board with the other passengers; and the wind, though light, being favourable, we got beyond the Hook before dark—all in high spirits. Early in the night, about the dawning of the lunar morning, the wind began to freshen, and the ship to drive aside the foaming waters at a brave rate. But though this was sailing cheerily to the seamen, it was a sore thing to the passengers: we were all laid up in our berths, and a fish that has swallowed a hook, and is pulled by the fisherman, cannot have a more disordered stomach than was mine. But, in the end, we had no great cause to complain. In the course of two-and-twenty days from the date of our departure from New York, we found ourselves entering the Firth of Clyde. Surely, navigation has been greatly improved since I sailed from Leith in the year 1794, for we were then no less than eight weeks in crossing the Atlantic.

On entering the Firth of Clyde, scenting the

pleasant smell of the peat reek from the Island of Arran, and seeing the Craig of Ailsa rising blue before us, the thought of my father's home, and the sunny days of my green years, invested my spirit as with a mantle of remembrances. Though there was nothing in the scene that much resembled the lands on the coasts of the Forth, save only Ailsa, which is not unlike the Bass, but to my eyes then it seemed smaller; I yet saw many objects that recalled the incidents of the day that I sailed from Leith, and my breast was filled with an overflowing of sweet thankfulness to Providence, for having brought me back in prosperity.

Off a headland they call the Clough, a pilot (one Allan M'Lean) came on board—poor man, he was very hoarse—and conducted the ship up to the quays of Greenock, where we landed. I was advised to go to a tavern they call the Tontine, a handsome house, but nothing in comparison with some of the hotels of New York. There I was obliged to stay all night, owing to some fasherie with the custom-house, about getting our trunks landed; and next morning I embarked in one of the steam-boats for Glasgow. But, dear me! what a small commodity she was to the floating palaces on

the North river—and then the polluting coal-smoke! I began to think, for the first time, like the Yankees, that surely, indeed, Europe was far behind America in improvements; and I was grieved to think so. But my spirits were a little cheered, when I heard that the credit of making the first practicable steam-boat was due to a Scotchman, then residing at Helensburgh, a village opposite to Greenock, but who had not, at that time, received any boon for his ingenuity. The princely merchants of Glasgow have, however, I understand, since made him comfortable for life. It is not so, I am sorry to say, with the family of Mr. Fulton, who did so much for the river trade and travelling of the United States.

The sail from Greenock towards Glasgow, though the river is smaller, opens many more romantical prospects than the Hudson; and for steeples, all built of stone, Glasgow, it must be allowed, holds a prouder head than New York. But her steeples are often in the clouds, saving on Sunday: such a town for smoke and lofty lums is scarcely to be paralleled; Glasgow being a great place of manufactories, where kettles do the work of men, and iron wheels make cotton cloth better than malcontent weavers.

I stayed in Glasgow the remainder of the day I left Greenock, in a tavern they called the Star Inn, which in a sense might compare with the new hotel which the associated mechanics were building at Judiville, and which was nearly finished when I came away; but it had neither balconies nor piazzas, and in other respects was a house of a meaner grade. Indeed, I was rather hurt to see the accommodation of taverns and hotels generally in Scotland so far behind those in America, even though the reason given was undeniable. The taverns in Scotland are but places for travellers and wayfaring people to put up at; whereas in America they are the homes of unmarried men, and those who have not taken to housekeeping.

But if for steam-boats and taverns I can make no brag for Scotland, I was perfectly amazed when I came to walk round Glasgow, with one of my fellow-travellers, who had been long absent, and who pointed out to me the landmarks of the improvements which had taken place within his remembrance. Upon my word, Leddy New York, you must mount upon pattens before ye stand as high as Lucky Glasgow, either for improvements or increase of population within the same space of time.

The next morning I went on to Edinburgh in a stage-coach—most comfortable it was, as compared with those leather whirlwinds that brought me from Utica to Albany. Here, indeed, the superiority of the old country was manifest, both the vehicles and the roads being of the first quality: I would have given a cent had Mr. Hoskins been with me, both on account of the smooth felicity of the travelling, and to see the fine, open, and cleared country through which we passed, with stone walls, and not a tree to be seen, compared with the American regions of stumps and stones, log-houses and snake-fences.

On my reaching Edinburgh, I resolved to stop as short as possible, being anxious to get on to Bonnytown that night; so I took a hasty snack at the Black Bull Inn, at the head of Leith Walk, where the coach put up, and got into the Dalkeith coach in good time to have been at my father's before dark. But it was a paralytical conveyancer, as dislocated as a Utica stage, and drawn by cripple cattle, so that our progress was almost as slow as it would have been in America, when the frost is coming out of the ground; nor was it holpen by the beggarly bachle breaking down.

The accident brought the night upon us before we reached Dalkeith; nevertheless, I resolved to walk to Bonnytown, for I knew the road well. Accordingly, leaving my baggage at the inn, I made no halt, but set forward with the light of the rising moon, recognizing, as I retraced the race-course of my youth—if one may so speak, whose gallop was never better than a hirple—many an old familiar thing.

Drawing near to the village, I slackened my pace, and indulged my fancy in anticipating the pleasures I expected to enjoy among my earliest and oldest friends; the satisfaction it would give my father to hear of my success, and the gratification with which I would embrace my prodigal boy. My heart had, as it were, wings, and could fly, and my spirit was as gay as the cock when he rouses the morning.

Twenty years had wrought but few changes in the appearance of the village. The old church was a little altered in effect, by two of the church-yard elms being cut down. I forgave the parish for that sacrilege, but not for having enclosed the church-yard with a high wall, which hid the grave-stones from the glimpses of the moon, though it was done to protect the dead in their rest. As I advanced,

it disconcerted me to see, instead of the snug-thatched cottage, with brightly white-washed window-cheeks, the cosy inns of other days, Lucky Clatterstoup's public, a gawky, raw-looking, two-story new house, with a great glaring sign of a soldier-officer on horseback, daring the moon, and telling the world, in golden letters, that could not be big enough, "Waterloo Inn, James Gallons, Vintner." But I did not tarry long looking at the audacious usurpation, for my father's humble dwelling was only a few doors higher up the street, and I hastened towards it.

But I had not proceeded many steps, when I was startled by the appearance of a number of women coming out of the house. Can I have been expected, have they been assembled to welcome me?—and I was on the point of rushing forward, when a chill fell upon my spirit. Why have they been all assembled there? said I, in some degree awe-struck, and hesitating to go on.

Two of the matrons, for they were all elderly, came down the street, and passed near me, but I had not power to ask them a question; for the hollow and under voice in which they spoke to each other sounded ominous. One of them

happened to say, loud enough to be heard, "I am too late." The words made me shudder, and I involuntarily repeated them as I hastened forward to the door. "What 's the matter," cried I, softly but eagerly, to a young gentleman, who at the moment I reached it, was coming out. I did not recognize him, but he replied in the voice of my son, "The old man is no more."

CHAPTER II.

Oh scenes beloved in vain,
Where oft my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.

SUCH is the life of man—toil and disappointment. The day is too short; our strength insufficient to satisfy the greed of avarice. Our doom is labour, our earnings dust; the fruit cultivated with so much care contains but ashes. All is vanity!

Such was the substance of the cloud of sad thoughts which rose upon me as I stood by the corpse of my father. Rich and prosperous, and untarnished in my integrity, I had come to receive his last blessing. Gladness and generosity glowed in my bosom. With more than the hopes of my youth realized, I had returned to the scenes of my childhood; the anticipations of ambition were in blóssom, and the fruit of many was set. There was but one in all the earth

whom the munificent tale of Providence could have awakened to disinterested thankfulness, and there he lay, apparelled for the tomb. It was then that I first felt the truth of Mr. Herbert's opinions on old age; and I trembled to think that, by the course of Nature, I now myself stood next to the grave.

To meet cold contemptuous Death instead of my father, who had so kindly loved me, was truly a stunning blow. It shattered, as it were, my whole mind, and my thoughts were as fragments. I could determine nothing; I scarcely even recollected that I had seen my contrite son at the door. Poor lad! he ascribed to resentment that absence with which I was visited and my seeming indifference to him, and he retired to the garden to deplore my displeasure. I saw him not again that night, for I spent it alone with the dead.

Early in the morning, before sunrise, the afflicted youth, unable longer to endure the thought of being cast off from my affection, came into the room. At the sight of him, I reproached myself for having so slightly heeded him; but before I could speak, he took my hand, and looking for a moment on the still remains on the bed, he said, with an intreating

voice, "Oh, my father!" I fell upon his neck and wept; and since that time, I have never spoken to him of his imprudence, nor breathed reproach for the anguish he had caused. It was a reconciliation hallowed and ratified in the mysterious presence of unretracting Death.

Mrs. Cradler, whom, from the first illness, my father engaged to attend him, being by this time a-stir, I went to her, and learnt, with a pang not to be expressed, that his departure had not taken place much more than an hour before my arrival. Had I not stopped in Glasgow, but come straight on, I had seen him alive, and in the possession of his faculties.

I then arranged with her respecting how the funeral should be conducted; and with seeming reluctance she acquiesced in my opinion that it should in all things be plain and suitable to his humble station. It did not appear to me, though I could afford it, that it would be discreet to show a solemn pageant moving from the door of a lowly-thatched cottage; and therefore my directions to James Drawers, the cabinet-maker, one of my father's oldest friends, were, "Let all things be done in order, and nothing done that the deceased would himself have disapproved." But what I spared from

the funeral was given to all the needful in the parish; and it made them comfortable through the course of the next winter.

The day after the interment I went back with my son to Edinburgh, in a post-chaise which I hired for that purpose; and I was gratified to hear from the Professors, whose classes he had attended, that he was considered a youth of good talent and fair promise. One in particular spoke of him in a warm strain, and did not think that either his New York pranks, or the duel, would be a mot in his marriage.

Having thus, in some measure, pacified my anxieties concerning the lad, I placed him a boarder with a respectable motherly matron, one Mrs. Thrifty, the widow of a Burgher minister, without offspring, that lived in the sixth flat up five stairs of a land of houses, No. 159, Drummond Street. This being done, I returned the same night in the chaise to Bonnytown, and took up my abode in my ancient home, until I should have time to reflect on what was meet to be done; for the death of the venerable man had discomposed all my plans.

Sometimes I thought of returning straight

back to America; at others, I was inclined to visit some of the marvels of the country, having seen but few of them before I left it. Then I proposed a jaunt to behold the famous city of London, in order to see the King, and the other curiosities there; but, upon the whole, my mind lay more to resting among the pleasant places of my youthful days, for the time I intended to stay in Scotland, which was originally meted to be nine months, and might be prolonged to a year. The result, however, was a mixture of all these projects, and what happened in carrying them into effect will be duly related as the events came to pass. In the mean time I retained the worthy Mrs. Cradler to be my housekeeper, and got the house put into a state of repair, of which it stood in some need. In that job I employed, of course, old Mr. Drawers, with strict injunctions that he was only to renew, but not to alter the fashion of any thing; no, not so much as a nail. He was not, however, overly pleased with my particularity, and more than once, when he came in of an evening to crack with me about the Americans, he hinted that my fashious vincerings would cost as much as would go a great way towards an entire refatchiamento, which he

explained was the craft term for building a new one.

I have already said that the village seemed but little changed as I approached it by moonlight; but when I had leisure to examine it in the broad day, I soon saw that time had not dealt with it more tenderly than with the looks of the inhabitants. The houses were shrunken with old age and decay; they all appeared meaner, and of ruder fabrication than I thought they were in former days, but the neater handmarks of a trimmer generation could be traced in many places. The kail-yards showed a brighter assortment of flowers: the increase was most visible, and the big stones had been rolled out of the middle of the streets, and were gathered here and there into heaps to be Macadamized. In one of the heaps was a large black one, which I recognized as the door-seat of Mrs. Musket, the spaewife, where, in her campings, she used to sit and tell the children of the battles she had seen, and the fat frows and funs of Flanders. I caused that stone to be removed and placed at the door-cheek of my home,-a testimony and memorial of Lang syne.

It was chiefly, however, among the inha-

bitants that the change was most remarkable. That excellent disciple of John Calvin, Mr. Hyssop, the minister, was no more, and his inquisitive lady had also gone to investigate the coffers and accommodations of Death. The schoolmaster was still alive, but superannuated and blind. I had him often brought to me, and he told me many a cheerful as well as sad tale of my old schoolfellows; we had a good laugh over a tumbler of toddy at the prank Alek Preston played me with the privateer. Venturesome Pate, that had come from Indy, an officer with a fortune, and taken the fine house of Hollycot, at Lasswade, had never been to see Bonnytown since his return, because it was a low place. But as the courteous reader is not probably much acquainted with the inhabitants of our village, I need not bestow my tediousness upon this subject at greater length.

If the hand of time was seen working detriment on the town, it had been far otherwise exercised on the country. The hills that I had left broomy and pastoral were ploughed to the top, and many of them bonneted with fir-trees, and belted with plantings. It was impossible to view the improvements without satisfaction;

but. I wondered where the schoolboys would find nests, and allowed myself to fancy that, for lack of the brave sports of their fathers, the next generation would, maybe, show themselves, in the dangers of other wars, a less venturesome race.

But though there was a pensive satisfaction in noting the alterations which time and man had wrought on all sides, I yet occasionally felt fits of languor. My hours for so many years had been so full of business, that I began to be sensible idleset was to me a poor trade, and the hammering in the repairs of the house often obliged me to stretch my walks; nor was there many conversible people in the village, though it was not, in my opinion, a low place. These things led me to seek acquaintances a-field, and being always of an introductory disposition, I soon made several. Among others was Doctor Delta, of Musselburgh, a pleasant, mild, and sensible young man, somewhat overly addicted to poetry of the pale sort. I have met with few like him, for he was not only a man of letters and knowledge, but reciprocal and truehearted.

Still, I was longing more and more for something to make me again in earnest; when one

day, being in Edinburgh seeing the sights I had not seen before, with Robin for my guide, I happened, while waiting in the Commercial Inn for dinner, and to be taken up by that clattering commodity the Dalkeith coach, to lift a newspaper, and to observe in it a house and garden to be let furnished by the month, near the royal borough of Chucky Stanes, where the advertiser assured intending tenants there was society of the best sort, excellent fishing in the river, and many alluring et ceteras. By the description, it was in many things just such a place as would satisfy me; and the garden being fully cropped, it held out a re-taste at no cost of my seed-time. I mean the time of the "tarnation farm in Jersey State;" for now that my circumstances were sleek, and the bones well covered, I began to think even of that spec with pleasant ideas. Accordingly, I resolved to take the house for a month, and to carry Robin with me, that he might be able, in after life, to brag in America, of having fished in the Tweed.

CHAPTER III.

Jenny with the white petticoat,
And the red nose,
The longer she lives,
The shorter she grows.

The royal borough of Chucky Stanes, like every other town of the kind, enjoys an undue proportion of ladies in a state of single blessedness. The house I rented there belonged to Miss Beeny Needles, a venerable damsel of that description. Her father, far back in the last century, had held the dignity of Provost. In the plenitude of his magisterial pomp, he erected the edifice where Miss Beeny, with her niece Mrs. Greenknowe, the widow of a much respected surgeon, held court, or more properly, sat in expectation of being courted.

The husband of Mrs. Greenknowe had died, as Miss Beeny herself told me, much and justly regretted, about twelve months before; and

having left his wife, though without incumbrance, in very narrow circumstances, Miss Beeny received her as an inmate and companion; the widow, luckily, at that time having let her own house furnished to an English family who came for a few months to enjoy the romantic scenery of the Tweed. It happened, however, that this family not meeting with society quite so elegant in Chucky Stanes as they had been led to expect, soon after their arrival gave up the house, and moved to another part of the country. Thus it came to pass, that the two ladies agreed to move for the summer into the house of Mrs. Greenknowe, which was in the borough, and that Miss Beeny's house—the Hillocks on the skirts of the town—invited tenants for the season, and was rented by me.

Of the house, I need say but little; it was a plain, comfortable, manselike dwelling, standing on the top of a bank which sloped steeply to the river. The garden did not altogether equal the description; but, upon the whole, I was content with my bargain, especially as the maiden servant left in charge was an obliging, thorough-going quean, and needed but few directions in her duty. She was neat

and economical in her management. It would have terrified an American appetite to have seen our dinners: I was led in consequence to think, that young married persons, who require to learn method and frugality in housekeeping, should hire their servants from the houses of elderly single ladies; it is only in the households of such, that neatness is found combined with enough.

Of Miss Beeny herself, it behoves me to be more particular: she had certainly passed to the most experienced side of fifty; but in the style of her dress she evidently attempted to jilt Time: not that she affected either girlish airs or graces; but she was at least twenty years behind the fashion appropriate to her real age.

She was a tall atomy. Her acquaintance, on account of her meagre length, and for being still unmarried, called her the Spare-rib. She dressed in white muslin of the nicest purity; indeed, nothing could be objected to her dress, if we except the short sleeves, which exposed her lean arms and knotty, gnarled elbows, more than became delicacy in the appearance of a lady who did not despair of softening hearts. She had a wonderful long neck; it

was like a bundle of wangee bamboos tied together with a string of red coral beads. Her complexion was of the same dingy yellow, save that the point of her beaky nose was tipped, as it were, with a ruby stone, that in frosty weather, when the wind was easterly, deepened into a purple amethyst. Her little grey eyes were quick with vigilance; and as she seldom wore a cap, her head was always covered with a light chestnut-coloured wig, curled into clusters like filberts. On occasions of high tea-drinking, she wore lofty-heeled shoes; when mounted upon them, she was really a tottering structure.

Miss Beeny had some pretensions to superior accomplishments: she was learned in the dictionary, and spoke in a fine style of language. Among other things, she prided herself on being one of the best interpreters of the Scotch novels; and accordingly, whenever an English traveller came to visit what she politely called "our clissic stream," with letters to the minister, or to any of the magistrates, she was always invited to assist in entertaining him.

Mrs. Greenknowe, her niece, was of another element and generation; a sedate, comely woman, of thirty or thereby, with nothing particu-

lar in her appearance; but it made me sorry to see one so young in the weeds of a widow. In discourse, she was staid and calm, very sensible; and took but a small part in conversation, except when the topics were judicious, and within the sphere of feminine knowledge. Her language was simple, very unlike the words of pedigree which her aunt flourished away with. The second time I saw her, she seemed to be just the kind of lady that my daughters stood in need of.

I have been more exact in my account of these two ladies, than the courteous reader may think was necessary; but he will be of a different opinion before he reads to the end of my story; for, owing to the promise of superior society held out in the advertisement, Miss Beeny considered herself under an obligation to open to us, as she said, the best portals in the town; and in consequence, she was not only a frequent visitor with strangers, to whom I was represented as a most clever man, who had made his fortune abroad; but she never had a set tea-drinking, without inviting me and my son. Her banquets were tea and turn-out.

This consciousness of Miss Beeny brought me into a friendly-footing with her and Mrs.

Greenknowe, affording me ample opportunities of discerning their respective worth and qualities. Unfortunately, however, the intercourse had not been opened in freedom above eight or ten days, when I became in some degree alarmed. It would be difficult to depict the circumstances which alarmed me, but, to a certainty, before the end of a fortnight, I had reason to fear Miss Beeny Needles was resolved to fall in love with me, over head and ears.

"Ah! it was a hopeless passion."

The first symptom or indication which I received of the terrible havoc my small stature was making among what she called "the sweet sensibilities of a susceptible heart," was on the first Sunday after I had taken possession of the house. I had, with my son, accompanied her and Mrs. Greenknowe to the parish church, in order that they might show us the pew attached to the house; and it happened, just as we had taken our seats in it, that the bans were proclaimed of three couple who were to be married in the course of the following week. I was sitting next to the perpendicular spinster, who, when the first purpose of marriage was read, slightly, and, as it were, with gentle diffidence,

knudged my elbow. I received it respectfully, as an admonition to take notice. At the second, she touched me more impressively on the arm with her hand ; and, at the third, she looked in my face with a smile, at the same time treading on my foot. Her smile was like a frosty day in February, when nebs are purple and drops hang at them.

Out of civility, I conducted the ladies home. We were all walking apart, for the pavement of Chucky Stanes, like that of other royal boroughs, is not favourable to social linking ; but scarcely had we proceeded as far as the churchyard gate, when Miss Beeny requested me to allow her to take my arm, the street being so rough that she could hardly keep her feet. I could do no less than readily proffer the solicited accommodation, and made no doubt of hearing from her some remarks on the sermon ; at the same time I thought, since there was to be cleeking, I would rather have taken Mrs. Greenknowe.

"Well," said Miss Beeny, after we had stepped out together some three or four paces, "what do you think of those amatory rustics that the presinter proclaimed this morning ?"

"I hope they are all in the way of well-

doing," was my answer; and soberly and in simplicity I added, "I am not one of those who can discern that the world is too small. I am a great favourer of marriages, Miss Beeny, and of early marriages."

"So am I Mr. Todd," said she daintily; giving me at the same time a prim, sidelong glance, with a gentle alamode of her head.

"Ah!" said I, in jocularity, "why, then, is Miss Beeny Needles, still Miss Beeny Needles? Ah, Miss Beeny, Miss Beeny!"

She looked again askance at me, and heaved a languishing sigh; and then she said, squeezing my linked arm, "There is a time and a place, Mr. Todd, where such questions may be answered; but the street, and in the midst of the congregation—it would dishevel propriety."

In saying these words, her foot plunged deeper than her shoe into a pool in the pavement, and splashed my white stockings to the knee-buckle.

"My foot is saturated," was Miss Beeny's interjection on the occasion; and, pulling her arm hastily from within mine, she hurried homeward, calling to me as she fled—

"I beg pardon for leaving you so incontinently."

I then dropped back and joined Mrs. Greenknowe, who was coming leisurely along with my son, picking her steps with care and decorum; but she, instead of talking of the amatory rustics, knew better what belonged to the time and the feast of worship, in which we had been partakers; for there had been in the sermon tender touches on departed days, and deceased friends, the two topics with which, at that period, we were both most easily affected. So we proceeded towards her house, communing respecting them, and the short-coming of happiness that was ever in the gratification of our wishes. She was, indeed, a refined young woman; nor was she lessened in my esteem, because, in her own person, she had tasted the bitterness of adversity, and felt the callosity of the worldly heart.

The only drawback that I suffered in this pious conversation, was on account of my son seeming to take an interest in it. He was yet too young to learn more of the contrarieties of nature than experience teaches, and I wished several times he had not been with us. It is not well that the youthful mind should hear what their seniors think of the ungracious spirit that haunts us in the vale of years.

Having conveyed Mrs. Greenknowe to the door, where her aunt had already entered, I returned homeward, meditating on the incidents of the day; and, to say the truth, reflecting with something like a sentiment of aversion on Miss Beeny Needles, for her weak and unsabbath demeanour. I could not but acknowledge that Mrs. Greenknowe was of a far more estimable nature; that she was adorned with a more benignant aspect; and that being still a handsome young woman, it was surprising she was allowed to remain single. Not that I had ever imagined the possibility of regarding her with more considerate eyes than became the temperate respect to which an amiable deportment is always entitled, and generally receives; but I regretted the perils of the wide Atlantic, and that my sweet daughters could not be made acquainted with one so rich both in worldly and religious graces.

During the afternoon a smur of rain came on, which prevented me from going to church again; but at the close of the afternoon-service Miss Beeny sent her servant lass to inform me that the Rev. Mr. Brekenrig was to preach in the evening, and that she was sure I would like him. I did not choose, however, to go

upon such an invitation. The heavy evening, and my own heavier thoughts, induced me to stay at home, almost repining that I had ever come to Chucky Stanes; and wishing, since it had pleased Providence to remove my father just as I reached the threshold, that I had not returned from America.

CHAPTER IV.

Familiar matter of to-day—
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, or may be again.

TRUE to her promise in the advertisement by which I had been enticed to become her tenant, Miss Beeny Needles lost no opportunity of procuring me hospitable attentions from the higher class of the inhabitants. On the Monday morning after the adventure of the amatory rustics, a card was brought from the Provost, inviting my son and me to dine with him on the Monday following. Before I had time to answer it, for I received it while at breakfast, Miss Beeny herself came to advise what should be done on the occasion. She did not tell me that such was the object of her visit. the pretext was, that in consequence of not seeing me at church in the afternoon, she was apprehen-

sive I had taken cold; but the end of the errand came out before she retired.

Observing the card of invitation on the table, she said, "So, you have at last received one: well, better late than never. But such procrastination! I told Mrs. Badge, as we were coming last night from the evening rites, that it was a duty in all men of authority to make themselves attentive to strangers; and that it was thought you had not been treated with the circumspection and solicitude due to the fortune you had imported, and with which you might be conciliated to enliven the town. She has taken the hint, and the Provost has made at last an honourable capitulation. I hope you will accept their condescension; for I do assure you, that it is not every new incomer who is deemed amenable to be a receptacle of Provost Badge's hospitable assiduities."

"Monday is far off," replied I, hesitatingly; "and three o'clock is not an hour for me to dine at;" meaning that it was later than my custom.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Beeny, "it is not consistent either with their own station or the progress of knowledge, that you should be

invited to dine at such a preternatural hour. I beg you just to be a little posthumous with your answer, and I shall procure an amotion of the period."

Before I had time to make a reply, she was up and off to the Provost's lady; but without waiting for her return, I sent my acceptance, not alluding to the hour, and it arrived whilst Miss Beeny was still discussing with Mrs. Badge what it should be. As soon as the point was settled, back she came.

"It is well seen," said Miss Beeny, as she resumed her seat, "that you have been within the purlieus of the best of company. Mrs. Badge has capitulated to make the hour half-past four o'clock, which is almost as fashionable as the Lord Provost's of Edinburgh: his Lordship's is five o'clock."

"There has been a mistake, Miss Beeny. My objection was to the lateness of the hour of three; we dine in America at one o'clock."

"Never mind; the equivoque of the time will be an augmentation to your gentility, Mr. Todd."

To this I replied, beginning to be a little troubled by the lady's officiousness, and wishing

to change the conversation—"I hope, Miss Beeny, you and Mrs. Greenknowe are to be of the party?"

"It's a gentleman's set excommunicatively," was the answer; "so that Mrs. Greenknowe has not been invited; but I am to be there in the capacity of a Mademoiselle. I assure you, Mr. Todd, that every thing about Provost Badge's entertainments is in a style of supremacy far above mediocrity."

My son, who had been early at the river fishing, came in just at this juncture, with his basket well-filled with trout. Miss Beeny declared she had never seen finer, and examined them so particularly, that Robin, with more civility than discretion, begged permission to send them home to her, which, after a show of reluctance, was granted, on condition that we promised to come over together in the evening and eat an egg, when we should see one of them dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

Soon after this had been arranged, the lady retired; but I was half sorry at having accepted her invitation. Too much of the good society of the place was laid upon Miss Beeny's shoulders; a supper, moreover, was something in her economy more than common, but I had

not then discovered the flames which were rising round her amorous heart.

When she had left me about half an hour, I went to take a stroll through the town in the most perfect innocency of mind, for my time was hanging already heavy on my hands, and I was not in a humour for reading.

The day was showery, and, in the course of my ramble, I was more than once obliged to take shelter in a shop, but without discovering any person of a conversable disposition. This led me to reflect on the business of the morning, and thinking of Miss Beeny, I thought of Mrs. Greenknowe. Just at the moment, I happened to be passing her house, and being constrained by another shower to seek for shelter, I rapped at her door, and was shown by the servant into a neat parlour, where the composed widow was sitting by herself flowering muslin.

I was in luck, as I considered it, to find her alone, for hitherto I had never met her, save in the company of her prejinct aunt, who had so many attentive things to say, that Mrs. Greenknowe seldom found an opportunity to slide in a word edgeways. We talked of various matters, and I sounded her depths: really

she was a woman of understanding, and I agreed with her that Chucky Stanes was not an exhilarating town to those who had recently lost near and dear relations. Then we became a little more jocose, and I drew my chair close to hers, and began to praise her embroidery, bespeaking her, in joke, to flower a frock for one of my daughters; when at that interesting turn of the conversation, Miss Beeny came in upon us, and looked more startled at the sight of us together, than there was any need to have been.

The rain having again abated, I wished the ladies good morning, and promised with more satisfaction to join them at supper than I had accepted the invitation; for I saw by this time that, although Miss Beeny was an endless woman with her dictionary phraseology, there was yet in Mrs. Greenknowe a solid substance of sense and conversation, sufficient to afford an adequate compensation for occasionally enduring her aunt's loquacity.

On my return home, much to my surprise, I heard Miss Beeny had been there again during my absence. It was strange she should have taken no notice of it, when I met her so lately at Mrs. Greenknowe s. Could she have any thing

to say she did not wish that lady to know? "Thrice a day," said I to myself, "Miss Beeny! is a symptom of perplexity; it must be looked to:" and with this soliloquy I walked into the parlour, on the table of which I found an old Edinburgh newspaper, carefully folded and pinned in a sheet of writing-paper: I opened it, and the first article which caught my eye, was a long account of a review of the Chucky Stanes Volunteers, and a grand dinner given to the reviewing General by past Provost Needles at his Villa of the Hillocks. This heirloom was, I had no doubt, brought by Miss Beeny herself, to apprize me of her hereditary claims to consideration. What other purpose it was to serve could not be divined, nor why she had abstained from mentioning the incident in presence of Mrs. Greenknowe. Her conduct was embarrassing; I had seen nothing as yet to justify my egoism in supposing that the genial influences of the tender passion had moved her to these interesting betrayals;—it had not yet, indeed, occurred to me to regard them otherwise than as indications of an anxiety to be civil without knowing well how to set about it. To that extent my cogitations resolved her conduct; and I began to think that, under all circumstances, it would

probably be expedient to give up the house at the end of the month for which I had engaged it.

But what was then to be done? To return to Bonnytown seemed no longer desirable. The place to me had become empty; I had seen it after a long absence, and I was satisfied with the sight: my father was removed, and no living object was there to attract me back. The cottage, which I valued more than many do their great inheritances, I had repaired, but with no intention of ever making it my dwelling; nor could it have served: for, even when I thought, as I sometimes did, of remaining in Scotland, and sending for my family, I acknowledged it would have been no fit dwelling. The compulsion of my improved means would force me to choose something better: I was a fish out of the water in attempting to play the part of a gentleman who lives at home at ease, in the narrow society of Chucky Stanes. I never passed so many dull days, one after another, as the first fortnight of my sojourn in Hillocks: my happiness was in activity; I longed for something to do.

These weary reflections with their yawns and wishes particularly affected me, on the after-

noon of that Monday on which Miss Beeny Needles showed so eager a desire to make the town agreeable to me; but I did not like the look she threw at Mrs. Greenknowe, when she broke in upon us so suddenly. We were doing nothing to call for any particularity of look. "I trust Mrs. Greenknowe is comfortable with her," said I to myself; "but it is more than I could be. Her long words, and her long knotty neck, are not enchanting: Mrs. Greenknowe is of another description; her words, though few, are well chosen, and her neck and all about her is of that sonsy comeliness which is most to the state of a man of my age; nor is she too young; whereas, Miss Beeny is—nobody can tell how old. But what signifies the age of either to me? and yet I should be grieved to think such a mild and gentle person as Mrs. Greenknowe were exposed to penury as she advances in life: Miss Beeny has other means, and she has not the heart, or I read her character amiss, to make any distinction in favour of one so superior. There is no condition so touching as that of a young widow, of a lady-like nature, suffering from penury as well as grief. Poor Mrs. Greenknowe! I hope it is

not the case with her; she has been ordained to solace others: I should like to know something of her circumstances."

So was I ruminating at my length on the sofa, when my son reminded me that it was time to pay our respects to Miss Beeny and the trouts, dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

CHAPTER V.

Is it a party in a parlour,
Cramm'd, just as they on earth are cramm'd,
Some sipping punch, some drinking tea;
But as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all—damn'd?

It is not necessary to inform the patient reader, who has proceeded so far with me, that up to the period of my visit to Scotland, I had but few opportunities of learning the etiquettes that make life genteel. He need not, therefore, be surprised to hear, that I felt myself often in an ill-fitted coat among the society to whom I had the honour of being introduced at Chucky Stanes by Miss Beeny Needles. In sooth to say, I was not fashioned, nor educated, nor connected for associating with fine folk; but my son being graceful, spirited, and gallant in his bearing, I considered it my duty to submit to many fasheries on his account, especially as,

in the course of nature, he would come to a creditable inheritance.

But although I had not the advantages of dancing-school breeding, I had yet an eye in my head both for remark and comparison; by which I was enabled to discern, that banqueting was not the element of the gentry of that royal borough. The first assurances I had of this, was on the occasion of supping with Miss Beeny on the trouts, dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

She had every thing most genteel; fine white paper roses round the two tall candles, a stiffly-starched table-cloth, glittering like satin, and rustling like silk;—and she proved better than her promise; for, in addition to the trouts, she had received in the course of the afternoon a brace of grouse, which emboldened her to invite two strangers to be of the party. This was a touch of the superior indeed! Four gentlemen all at once at supper, was a handling, the like of which Miss Beeny had not been engaged in since the death of her father, Past Provost Needles.

One of the strangers was a raw gentleman out of the west countrie, by name Mr. Gabarts, from what town or place I did not exactly hear;

but he had a pragmatic sanction to all his opinions; could quote book and author, day and date; was moreover seasoned with the poeticals, and had a competency of the sentimental. He was a pedestrian tourist in quest of the minstrels of the Borders, and had been recommended to see Miss Beeny Needles, the very granny of antiquity. His talk was of keeps and castles, and her's of propinquities, topics high in the clouds above my summit.

The other guest was a picturesque man, a drawing-master, one Mr. Crayon, on an excursion for the summer to take views for his Edinburgh winter classes: until supper was served, he delighted Mr. Gabarts and Miss Beeny with a sight at his portfolly, as she called it.

I looked and listened with them for some time, an endurance for good manners; but at last Mrs. Greenknowe, who had not yet made her appearance, having finished her culinary inspection—for I could see what her business had been by her flushed visage, came into the room, and I planted myself in a chair by her side; this, I saw, with the tail of my eye, Miss Beeny did not approve, for she made several endeavours to draw me off, by audibly commending the sketches, one after another, in such

a way, as if she thought I could not, out of consideration for the artist, possibly keep my seat: but keep it I was resolved, both because I had a certain satisfaction in conversing with Mrs. Greenknowe; and because it disconcerted Miss Beeny's jealousy. She, however, got the better of me by a point-blank shot, exclaiming, "La! Mr. Todd, look at this beautiful etching of a baronial abode, with four supereminent towers!" It was impossible to resist such an appeal, so I rose; but Mr. Crayon suddenly, scarcely able to keep his decorum, snatched as it were the drawing somewhat too eagerly from the lady, and turning it upside-down, hastily presented it to me.

"Oh, ho, Miss Beeny!" cried I, without remorse, "look here, this is not a castle but a cow!"

It was even so; for she chanced to look at the sketch inverted, in which position, without any great disparagement to the talent of the picturesque man, the animal, owing to the faintness of the pencil outline, was not unlike a four-headed bastile. Fortunately at this moment, just as the laugh was swelling into a chorus, the help, or maiden servant, came in

with the firstlings of the supper; but Miss Beeny was not satisfied with being in consequence spared from the rising laugh, she made it clear that the heifer turned upside-down really did make a very tolerable castle, with four supereminent towers.

In taking our seats at the supper-table, I was subjected to a new molestation. I had planned to plant myself next to Mrs. Greenknowe, but Miss Beeny, having taken the head of the table, summoned me to the place at her right hand; Mr. Gabarts, next in estimation, on account of his learning, was placed on her left; Mr. Crayon and my son occupied the two lower seats, while Mrs. Greenknowe seated herself afar off at the bottom of the table.

For some time Miss Beeny, to do her hospitality justice, dispensed her courtesies with commendable impartiality; and we had not only some of the trouts, dressed as those of the Tweed should be, but also a pair of them in paper winding-sheets, after the manner in which the golden fishes, as Miss Beeny said, were served at the petty suppys of Madame the Countess of Pumpador, when the Grand Monarch was King of France. Mr. Gabarts declared they seemed

so savoury that his mouth was liquorish to taste them,—that was not a word to be used in the best of society.

But I was more, in the mean time, interested by the discomforts of my situation, than with the delicacies of the season; for what with the learned interlocutors of Miss Beeny, and the way her knees and legs were somehow continually forgathering with mine, I had not obtained an enviable domicile. As soon, therefore, as the relics of the trout and grouse were removed, I watched an opportunity to escape. Accordingly, when Miss Beeny was leaning forward, and talking over her left shoulder to Mr. Gabarts about forays, moss-troopers, and other cockernony minstrelsy, and sprawling out her right foot among mine, I called to my son to exchange places, as the conversation was more in his way, and so I got snugly at last anchored in the lee of Mrs. Greenknowe, a manœuvre of great relief; for, with all respect for years, there was no comparison between the plain, homely, unpretending, conversation of the quiet, well-composed widow, and the ratiocination of Miss Beeny concerning the occultations of the similitudes of the olden and the modern.

At last Mr. Crayon remarked, it was time

to think of separating. I was, however, in no haste to move, for I had brewed a new tumbler of most delicious toddy, of which Mrs. Greenknowe had promised to partake; but Miss Beeny, who had from time to time been darting a glimmering green glance towards the bottom of the table, suddenly rose, and looking at the watch which hung over the mantelpiece, cried, "Dear me, how swiftly time flies in pleasant company! what a delightful party we have had!"

Not offering to resume her seat, the strangers were obliged to move off. But I was now up to trap, for I invited the two strangers in the politest manner to dine with me next day, and pressed with great cordiality both Miss Beeny and Mrs. Greenknowe to join us. The latter made some scruple, which a little perplexed her aunt; but by dint of a touch of fun I overcame her diffidence: Miss Beeny stood in no need of exhortation, she was just glowing and gouping at the invitation.

Upon the whole, that night, so spent with one of the pleasantest parties Miss Beeny had recollected for many years among the good society of the town, was not without pastime, nor, when it was over, did it leave nothing for rumination. No sooner had I laid my head on the pillow,

and began to recall to mind the tacit indications received from Miss Beeny since the affair of the amatory rustics, than I became convinced she was over head and ears in love with me, or my means and movables.

How to act in such a dilemma was exceedingly perplexing; I could not but confess to myself that I thought Mrs. Greenknowe a most agreeable gentlewoman, and that I might travel far before meeting with her equal: not that I had the slightest idea of entering a third time into the silken harness of conjugality, though sometimes it came across my mind that it was so ordained; nor need I deny that before leaving Judiville, I once or twice said to myself,—What if this voyage to Scotland be a feedam to bring back a young wife for a companion to my daughters? A young one naturally ran in my head; because it was not to be expected that a woman advanced in life would be willing to leave her friends and native land, and I was not yet in a condition to wind up my concerns, and bid a final adieu to the land of refuge. Moreover, it was a doubtful thing if Mrs. Greenknowe, who, by all accounts, loved, and was much beloved, by her husband, would be inclined to change her state; and yet she could not love him more than I did my Rebecca.

CHAPTER VI.

By the hedge-row way-side flowers are springing;
On the budded elms the birds are singing;
And up, up, up to the gates of Heaven,
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven:
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud;—
Come hither! come hither! and join with me,
In the seasons' delightful jubilee.

THE next day opened with one of those bright, blithe, and breezy mornings, which are only to be met with, and not often, on the old world's side of the ocean sea. The lark, twinkling in the clear blue sky, was singing her sweet ditties at Heaven's gate; and the children, as they ran gamboling to school, swung their book-pocks with a flourish, and shouted as they leaped along, prompted by the universal gaiety. In strolling on the bank of the river, I passed a troop of ducks, leisurely sauntering to their accustomed pool; the drake, a bold

and gaudy beau, looked slyly up at me as he passed, and said, as pleasantly as ever eyes could speak, "Is not this a delightful morning?"

Sometimes in America I have seen mornings almost as beautiful; but the air was not so lively, nor the birds so melodious, not even by the glad sea-side: never do the new inland settlements enjoy such an effervescence of cool airs and sparkling sounds.

There the breeze, as it comes from the surrounding lofty woods, is wersh, compared with the brisk freshness of the Scottish summer's free westlin wind—it is as the river's vapid water, compared to the living draught that dances from the spring. The singing-birds, few and far between, were only beginning to come to the environs of Judiville before my departure.

Making these similitudes as I strayed heedlessly from field to field—for I was early abroad, and had no purpose in my walk—my fancy began to draw comparisons between many other things in the two countries; and I thought, if I could meet with a real sensible woman, to be a friend and companion in old age, I perhaps could not do better than marry, and set myself down

for enjoyment at home among old scenes. I had but few old friends remaining.

It is to me a never-failing source of wonderment, to recall the remarkable manner in which the different events of my life have been methodically brought about; while, separately considered, each seems as if it had been a solitary and unconnected chance. Walking without aim, when I heard the town-clock strike eight, I was reminded that breakfast-time was not far off, and turned down a narrow lane, with a high, thick hawthorn hedge on each side, to shorten the way home to the Hillocks.

I was not aware to which part of the town the lane led, but I saw it could not lead me far wrong, and proceeded accordingly. About half-way down I heard the voices of two females in earnest discourse, on the inner side of the hedge, and was hastening my steps that I might not listen, when I heard one of them pronounce my name. This gave me a right to listen; and, though at the risk of sharing the common fate of those who do so, I slackened my pace. A few sentences left me in no doubt that the fair controversialists, for they were discussing a point, were Miss Beeny Needles and Mrs. Greenknowe: the hedge

inclosed the garden belonging to their residence.

"'Deed, Martha," said Miss Beeny to Mrs. Greenknowe, "you may take it ill, or take it well; but it is my imperial duty to tell you that your conciliations of Mr. Todd are much too predominantly evident."

Now it so had happened, that Mrs. Greenknowe, in no way or manner, neither by look nor gesture, had ever evinced towards me the slightest degree of partiality, whereas Miss Beeny took every opportunity to cast a sheep's-ee at me, and annoy me with other tangible tokens of the tumult in her vestal veins.

"I cannot imagine," replied Mrs. Greenknowe, with a firm voice, "how such an idea can have entered your head; but it justifies me to remark in return, that, for a person of your years, your behaviour to Mr. Todd—"

"My years!" exclaimed the indignant spinster; "what do you know of my years?"

"But little more of my own knowledge," said Mrs. Greenknowe, "than that my mother was always reputed to be your younger sister by five years."

"Bravo, widow! stand to her," thought I.

"Are you going off at the head, Martha, to

speak to me with such derogatory imputations? and all because I felt myself constrained to give you a slight innuendo."

"Say no more," replied Mrs. Greenknowe; "I see the purpose of your admonition, and will not dine at the Hillocks: you shall have your little darling all to yourself."

"Little darling!" shrieked, or screamed Miss Beeny, and fled hastily towards the house.

"What's to be done?" said I to myself; "shall I reveal at once to Mrs. Greenknowe that I have overheard her? Shall the malicious old cat deprive me of the pleasure I had anticipated? What shall I do? I must make openly up at once to Mrs. Greenknowe to end this. —When?—how?—I had never such a courtship as this. Is it within a possibility that I may be caught in the traps of yon Tabitha Bramble? She'll find I am not a Lismahago. My difficulties increase."

I then mended my pace, and walked home, where I arrived as undecided as ever. The bearing of my mind, however, was to give the subject four-and-twenty hours' consideration, and the question to be determined,—Shall I take no farther notice of the affair, or shall I ascertain the dispositions of Mrs. Greenknowe

As to vituperative Tabby, she may dight her neb and flee up.

After breakfast, none to my surprise, came the apology from Mrs. Greenknowe; and though disappointed, I could not but still applaud her firmness. It only made me wroth against her aunt, and egged me almost to resolve, if the old cruet plagued me with any more of her tender innuendoes, to shatter her consternation, as Mr. Hoskins would have said, had he been in my place.

The dinner-time came round; the two strangers, with many congees, arrived at the appointed hour, and I found them in easy chat, persons not just so conglomerated with Adam and Eve knowledge, as they seemed to be the night before; verifying what I have often remarked in life, that men with affectations should be seen at two sittings, before any one should undertake to draw their pictures. The first time they spread abroad what they believe to be the beauties of their merits, and generally play the fool to the best of their ability. The second, unless a new stranger is present, they kithe in more rational colours. Thus it so chanced, that the preceding night they were full of romance and reverie, worshipping stocks, stones, old

trees, crumbled houses, and sicklike, as if they had been real idolaters; but, on this, the second occasion, they had intellects for business. Mr. Crayon was intending in time to go to New York, to push his fortune by teaching drawing there, and we had some solid conversation on that head; and Mr. Gabarts was beginning to give me a very instructive account of how traffic moves in the West, when Miss Beeny, after having been waited for a full half hour, made her radiant appearance, having, in addition to the wonted purity of her muslin robes, large bows, knots, wreaths, and garlands of yellow ribands, "a host of golden daffodils," tricked out and stitched on different parts of her tucker and flounces, and a large orange lily stuck in her wig, and fastened in by a huge pebble brooch. There was not such a dressed lady that day, Miss Beeny herself thought, in all the royal borough.

Dissatisfied as I was with her, it was not fit to betray my sentiments to strangers, so I treated her with all manner of outward civility, and this was performed so well, that I sometimes thought I was overdoing my part; for we giggled, and were so courtly, that not only Miss Beeny herself believed me to be her captivated swain, but

even the strangers, I could see, thought there was something secret, sweet, and precious between us. The most curious thing in this play-actoring was, that, at the very time, I had a hatred of her, and was as angry at myself as a man could be for giving her encouragement, having a dread upon me that by some cantrip she would catch me in the web of her devices, as a spider makes piece-meal work of a simple fly.

The apprehension of being so entangled grew upon me, and I could not bear the idea of sitting near her; and yet, during dinner, I was enabled to thole her at my right hand. Indeed, I was so much on my guard, that she made no progress; it was only after I had taken a few glasses of wine with the gentlemen, (she having previously retired to what was called the drawing-room,) that on joining her with them, I ventured to shy a joke or two at her: I trow she soon gave me cause to rue I had been so venturesome.

The gentlemen went away immediately after tea, and I was in hopes she would have gone with them; but she excused herself, saying,

" I see, Mr. Todd, ye 're only breaking out; but as ye 're at last becoming resplendent, I 'll

sit for half an hour or so, and ye'll titilate me with a soliloquy."

The gentlemen being gone, and my son with them, to take a stroll in the cool of the evening, Miss Beeny arranged herself into an interesting attitude on the sofa, and invited me to draw my chair near her. I saw what she was after, and grew bold; at the same time I began to wonder with myself, whether the influence of the moon, or of the stars, or of the wine, could be uppermost.

As I drew my chair close to her shoulders, for she was in a recumbent position, I quietly took a pin from within the lapel of my coat, and with it fixed one of the riband-knots that adorned her wig to the cover of the sofa's arm, murmuring something that was like whispered love; then I said in distinct language—

"We little know, Miss Beeny, what is ordained for us, nor what a world of sinners may say of our most innocent actions—we cannot be too circumspect. It is so far fortunate, that you and I have come to years of discretion; but, really, your position is so—How old are you Miss Beeny?"

This question moved her, but not to the vehement degree I had reckoned; for after a

slight cough, she replied in the most bland manner—

"Were our virtues, Mr. Todd, equal to our years, felicitous would it be for both you and me;" and she sighed.

"You could not have made a more beautiful reflection, Miss Beeny," said I; "but I have a great curiosity to know, how it has come to pass that you have not been married. Have you never had an offer?"

Still she changed not her position, but turning her eyes with a pathetic leer, and stretching forth her hand, she laid it on the elbow of my chair, at which I lifted the chair hastily a little way from her, and said, "I wonder if Mrs. Potipher was a young woman?"

Still she was no farther moved, than to let one of her feet fall, as it were by accident, from off the sofa; at which I drew my chair again close to her. She, however, said nothing; indeed, from her silence, and the trance-like cast of her eyes, I began to fear her passion was not all feigned, so I determined to conclude my part of the business in the words of the old rhyme,

> "If ye be a maiden,
> As I trow ye be,
> Ye'll never laugh a smile
> At the kittling o' your knee."

"Oh, Miss Beeny!" cried I, and eagerly stretching forth my hand, I caught her by the knee, with such hearty good-will, that she started up with a yell, leaving her wig where it was fastened.

Her shriek was so wild, that it instantly brought our servant, and her own servant, who was assisting, on account of the company, into the room, in the middle of which, with the tears hopping from her eyes, stood Miss Beeny, pretending to be crippled with the kittling, while I stood apart, looking to the wall, scarcely able to conceal my indecorum.

"I call you to witness," cried Miss Beeny, frantic with rage, to the girls, who both laughed outright.—"Before the Lords, ye shall exasperate justice against this false, wicked—Oh! oh, I might have been undone."

"Oh, Miss Beeny, Miss Beeny," said I, "ye 're no a pin the worse of all the bit touzle. I 'm sure, to a woman of your time of life, ye should take it as Godsend."

"I am lamed for life," was her interjection, as she moved to lift her wig from the sofa; not being aware of the pin, she snatched it so suddenly, that it was rent asunder. The two girls, already laughing to the utmost pitch of their power, fell into each other's arms, com-

pletely overpowered; while Miss Beeny, in wigless dignity, crippled across the room, holding the relics aloft, and eyeing them askance, her naked head appearing as if it had been covered with a bladder.

"Never fash your head, Miss Beeny, about such a trifle," said I, soothingly; at which she turned suddenly round, and gave a stamp that made the house shake; adding, "There is but one way of solacing this insult."

"Name it, Miss Beeny; name it," said I.

"Marriage, Sir, marriage!"

"Oh, Miss Beeny, did ye think I was in earnest?"

At these words she forthwith ordered the lantern to be lighted, and, tying her pocket-handkerchief over the torn wig, which she replaced on her head, she walked out of the room. Looking back, before taking the door on her back, she exclaimed,

"To-morrow, Sir; to-morrow, Sir.—Oh, oh!"

CHAPTER VII.

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt !

When I awoke in the morning, I had a queer dread of having done something, I knew not what. " Surely I was far left to myself," said I, " to be so overcome by wine, as to treat a decent, elderly gentlewoman with so little ceremony." I was ready to sink through the floor.

" It was in fun : fun ! a man of my years and prudence to do what my son would not have ventured ; and if she makes a complaint ? Shall I be carried before the magistrates ? Who could have thought such would ever have happened to me—I, a man of the correctest of conduct—a moral neighbour, charitable, and all that."—I was in despair.

" She spoke of marriage as the only compensation he would accept. Marriage, alas !—I

had a foreboding she would somehow ensnare me; she has done it, and I am for life a miserable man. Mrs. Bell, the Minister's wife, had bodily beauty; but mine—my bride's an atomy from the tomb.

"She may, however, cool, and be content with a lesser solacium, money—cannot I try her with money? any think but marriage. A matter of money let it be, but no matrimony. No, no, of two evils let me choose the least: I would give half my fortune to squabash this joke. Oh! it is a black joke.

"Cannot I run away, abscond? the sun is but newly risen, a post-chaise may soon be got ready. But whither can I fly? the shame will remain, or follow.

"Shame? there was no great shame in it, after all; it was just an after-dinner prank, a thing to be laughed at. I wonder what makes me so agitated; I must treat it lightly; I had a little wine in my head for the first time, and Miss Beeny had placed herself in a comical recumbency; I but just kittled her knee. It's a thing every body will laugh at.

"Laugh at!—but will they, will they laugh? will they not rather blazon the outrage, and deem it due to the offended laws—Oh, impossible."

Then the mood of my molestation changed, and I said :—

"I wonder what Mrs. Greenknowe will think of it? Oh! therein is my safety; she can bear witness to Miss Beeny's blandishments. What excuse can Miss Beeny have made for going home in such a pickle? Oh, Miss Beeny! incontinent Miss Beeny! now shall ye drink the cup you made so bitter to that thrice-respectable lady—the sinnah you served to her in the morning.

"But still there has been familiarity! What will the widow say to that? If I can get her ear in quiet, and tell her the plain fact, she will laugh at it all. Ha! this is the highest wall-top I ever mounted; there's no returning —none—none—I must take the leap."

Such were my morning ruminations; solemn enough for the most part, but, at times, some old and droll incidents of the farce—it was in truth a farce, both in motive and performance—would come upon me, and cause me to laugh in the midst of my fears.

Having taken a cup of tea for breakfast, (I could not break bread,) I proceeded straight to Mrs. Greenknowe's house, to take my chance of "the landing, however the matter might

fa'." I knocked with a trembling hand; the girl who opened the door laughed as she let me in: I inquired for Mrs. Greenknowe; she came into the room before there was time to apprise her of my visit; she too laughed when she saw me. "This looks well," said I, aside, and I made an endeavour to be also risible, entering at once into the marrow of the matter.

"I see, Mem, that ye have heard of the comical prank I played your aunt last night? How is she, poor leddy? none the worse, I hope; though I fear her knee got a severer pinch than was quite consistent with true love: as for the wig, I doubt I shall have more cause to regret the damage it met with, than Miss Beeny, for it was manifestly in need of reparation, and she shall have a new one."

I then told Mrs. Greenknowe, sparing the maiden-gentlewoman as much as I could, how, seeing her on the sofa, I was tempted to pin her wig to the pillow; and that the catching her by the knee was just a whim of the moment, far from all evil intent—an innocent prank, as sinless as any piece of schoolboy mischief on a holiday.

Mrs. Greenknowe was exceedingly diverted with the whole story, and informed me that

Miss Beeny was none calmed. "All night she never went to-bed, but walked from room to room wringing her hands, but finding no sympathy; for, as often as she came to my bedside, though she was as solemn as a troubled ghost," said the widow, "I could do nothing but laugh at her woful story; and as often as she sought Kate the servant for her sympathy, she met with the same reception. She vows to extort atonement."

"I hope," replied I, "she speaks no more of marriage; in truth, Mrs. Greenknowe, though it was but a joke, there would be folly in making it serious with the public; but marriage is out of the question, unless, Mrs. Greenknowe, she would be satisfied by my taking you off her hands?"

Thus was the ice hastily broken. Mrs. Greenknowe laughed loudly at first; but gradually her features settled into a calm smile, and she manifestly waited to hear what I had farther to say: I added:—

"In truth, Mrs. Greenknowe, I am in sincere earnest: ever since I had the pleasure of knowing you, my mind has daily been growing more intent on making you a proposition."

Mrs. Greenknowe replied, smiling again:

"This will only make things worse,—to consent to take you after what my aunt says you have done to her."

"Where is she?—let me see her herself; better strike while the iron's hot—" At that moment the street-door was shut with a thundering slam, and the giggling girl came into the room, crying—"She's gone! she's gone! she's off, and she's gone to the Provost's! Oh, Sir! ye'll be taken up, ye'll be tried, and the least they can do to you, is to hang you off-hand."

Mrs. Greenknowe's countenance changed colour, and she looked at me earnestly. I endeavoured to preserve my wonted composure, but I felt by the glowing of my face that I too was reddening.

"This," said she, "looks too serious: stop one minute, and I will go with you to Provost Badge. Surely my aunt has been out of her mind since Sunday?"

Mrs. Greenknowe was speedily ready to accompany me, and we set out to the Provost's together. As we passed along the streets every body looked out at their doors and windows, and we heard guffaws and ridiculous laughter rising from the inner regions of the shops as we pass-

ed: by some unaccountable accident, the affair was already so public. To hear it a subject of such general merriment, lightened my anxieties; even Mrs. Greenknowe, as she quickened her speed to the Provost's, was more than once moved to audible laughter, by the recollection of some of the items of the story.

As we drew near to the Provost's door, a general movement appeared to be taking place in the streets. The servant maids, with loose hair and naked legs, were mustering; the shopkeepers were closing their doors, and a universal tendency was evident among the inhabitants to surround the Tolbooth. But one thing occurred which effectually extinguished my disposition to make light of it. I had a distant vista of my son Robin running up a lone street, that he might not witness the dishonour of his father.

On reaching the Provost's, we were immediately admitted; he had seen us approaching, and we were shown into a parlour, where, in the course of a few minutes, he joined us. The moment he entered, I could discern the remains of a laugh among his features, though he wore the magisterial mask of great solemnity.

I immediately inquired for Miss Beeny, and

said that I was not only anxious to set the affair in its proper light, but to make every reasonable compensation for the wound she had received in her feelings; at the same time declaring that I could not have imagined it was possible, by all that was done, to have injured her delicacy so severely.

The Provost who was really in his way a considerate man, said he hoped it was as I represented; but the utmost he could do was, before hearing any charge, to leave Miss Beeny, with Mrs. Badge, a motherly person, who would sift the affair with more gentleness than it could be done by men.

"Miss Beeny," said he—"begging your pardon, Mrs. Greenknowe—is very well known amongst us all as having her own little oddities; and I am quite sure, if her case were one of the darkest dye, she would receive but little commiseration from the commonalty, not on account of any ill will they bear her, but for the commicality of such a thing happening to one of her years, and, above all, to her. I am persuaded, Mr. Todd, if you are tried here—that is, supposing there are grounds to send you to trial, there is not a jury of the burghers who will find the

libel proven, though the case were as plain as my loofe."

My blood was curdling in every vein to hear him speak thus, when suddenly a loud, shrill, ungovernable burst, or rather shriek of laughter, rose in the adjoining room.

"It is Mrs. Badge," said the Provost; "and by that sign the evidence would seem to be going in your favour, Mr. Todd."

As he spoke the words, his lady came into the room overpowered with mirth. What ensued will be matter for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these same pages
This marvel to you.

The Provost's lady had scarcely composed herself from her agitation of merriment, to tell us what Miss Beeny had said, when the Minister of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Glasham, attended by one of his elders, was shown into the room. It was clear to be seen they came to examine into the fact; at the same time, I saw plainly by the Rev. Gentleman's countenance, that he, as well as the whole community, had no very solemn ideas on the subject.

Dr. Glasham, of Chucky Stanes, was indeed no ordinary member of the Church of Scotland, both by reputation, and by what, of my own knowledge, I came to understand of him. He was such, merely as a man, that we seldom

meet with. Not only was he unaffectedly pious in his sentiments, kindly and christian at all points, and learned beyond many of his cloth; but he was of a jocose humour, and would carry a joke as far as any man I ever met with. Truly, he was a facetious brother; while austere towards every kind of dissoluteness, he was yet lenient in his judgment of many transactions, that men of less practical virtue would have treated with inexorable severity.

When he was first informed of the unspeakable outrage which it was alleged had actually been perpetrated, he thought there must be some exaggeration in the story; and he had come in gentle charity to try, however the case might be, to get the blaspheming tongue of the public stopped, by procuring the owning of a fault between Miss Beeny and me. To own a fault where no harm had been done, I was not likely to do; and, moreover, marriage was tied to the tail of it, to which I was determined, for less than the halter, never to assent.

After some general discourse, not of a very deep tint, which convinced me that all present were little disposed to countenance such a case as Miss Beeny pretended to set forth, Dr.

Glasham proposed that she should be called in, and a precognition taken by him, before any charge could be laid before the magistrates. To this the Provost at once consented; for he too was too dubious of the fact. Miss Beeny accordingly was summoned.

When she appeared, it was difficult for any of all present to maintain a suitable decorum of countenance. Mrs. Badge, the Provost's lady, laughed outright, and Mrs. Greenknow would evidently have done the same, had not the complainer been her aunty, whom it was her duty to countenance.

Miss Beeny, not having been in bed all night, was in a most disjasket state. The disasters of her ravished wig were, it is true, concealed beneath her bonnet, but her dress was in a sad condition. "The host of golden daffodils" hung their heads like drooket hens, and her muslin robes were as the garments of those that are naught. Oh, the artifices of women!

"Sit down," said Dr. Glasham—"sit down, Miss Beeny; we are all here in the capacity of friends; we think, before you make any accusation to the magistrate, it should be seen how the matter really stands; for, unless you can make good what I understand you allege,

your own character will be ruined for ever; and Mr. Todd, though he may have been in a degree blameable, will be honourably acquitted. Therefore, Miss Beeny, I advise you to be circumspect in what you say—pray, do sit down and tell us the whole story."

Miss Beeny accordingly seated herself in one of the arm-chairs, and pulling out her handkerchief, and having wiped her eyes, thus began. My ears were on tip-toes.

"Preliminaries are not essentials—as I need not tell you, Dr. Glasham. After dinner, when we were in the drawing-room, having participated in tea, and the other guests had evacuated the apartment, I was reclining on the sofa—"

"What was the cause of that?" inquired the Provost, winking.

"That question is not relevant," said the Reverend Dr. Glasham: "She might be fatigued. It is not possible, Miss Beeny, that you could have been affected by wine?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the damsel of years; "I was on my guard throughout the dinner. I would never, in such a conjunction of circumstances, have exposed myself to the casualty."

"Did you suspect any thing, that you were so on your guard?" said the Divine.

"I had my own apprehensions," was the reply: "having found the foot of that wicked individual—Oh, oh!—pray don't go too near the tender point—I was obliged to kick it away from mine, more than once, at supper the preceding evening."

"Provost, I think that looks black," said the Minister; but I could perceive a small twinkling in the corner of his eye, that did not augur the consummation of my fate. My weather-glass began to rise. Miss Beeny went on.

"As I was incumbent on the sofa, he drew his chair close to my pillow with Tarquin's ravishing strides. He whispered to me the warmth of his amorosity. I replied with serene benignity, such things must not be talked of in such ways."

"That 's not true," cried I.

"Silence, Sir!" said the Doctor; and the Provost, with a face evidently big with fun, added, "You must not interrupt the investigation."

Miss Beeny continued.

"He then saw that I was vigilant—that I was not in a seducative temperament, and shifted his circumvallations; but he became so particular with his tangible taciturnity, I was

obliged to push him and his chair with great violence to a distance. In this—yes—I must confess, that in this point, I was too weak, for then I ought to have risen, and withered him with an immaculate frown."

"And why did you not, Miss Beeny?" said the Reverend Doctor.

"You were in a ticklish situation, Miss Beeny," rejoined the elder.

"Was it then he forgot himself?" inquired the Provost.

"Was it then he kittled you?" cried Mrs. Badge.

"What did I do to you then?" said I.

The Lucretia of Chucky Stanes made no direct response to either of these questions, but resumed:—

"Mr. Todd, seeing me alarmed, fell prostrate on his bended knees, and kissed my hand with adoration."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed I.

"Miss Beeny," exclaimed the Doctor, "you are showing a very grave case; it is highly necessary you should speak out—we must have it—there is no mincing the matter—the whole outrage, with all its outs and ins, fully before us."

The meagre lady drew herself up at this, and said, with emphasis, "I did not expect to be so cross-questioned."

"The Minister cannot help it," interposed the Provost, looking like a man that knew what 's what; and adding, in a voice of authority, "Robina Needles, you must proceed. What did Mr Todd do?—you must tell us."

"Yes," rejoined the venerable Doctor, "what did he do when he was prostrate on his bended knees?"

"He kittled her knee," exclaimed Mrs. Badge, the Provost's lady, no longer able to restrain herself.

Here the Provost interposed, and said to his wife, "My dear, you do not seem to know what is going on. Miss Beeny must state the particulars herself. Proceed, Miss Beeny."

Mrs. Greenknowe was beginning to look serious; she saw her aunt was in a critical predicament and was grieved for the ridicule she was drawing down. But Dr. Glasham was a man that relished a joke; and, for a Minister, he was surely inclined to go a great length: he added,—

"And kittling your knee, as Mrs. Badge has

informed us: — what did the gentleman do next?"

Miss Beeny applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and began to weep bitterly.

"Robina Needles," said the Minister, "you must proceed; nothing has yet been stated that can call for the interference of the Session. What did he do?"

"Oh, Dr. Glasham, Dr. Glasham, I am undone!"

"But how—in what way, Miss Beeny? it is absolutely necessary that you tell all about it: you are running the risk of being prosecuted by Mr. Todd for defamation: the whole town is up, and afoot, to know the particulars; they all sympathise with you. But you have not shown to me, nor to these most respectable persons, that any fault has been committed. Go on, I say, Robina Needles, go on; the time of the inquest is not to be trifled with."

"I would tell you all my misfortune," exclaimed Miss Beeny, bursting into tears, "but—"

"But, what?" cried the Minister.

"Must I tell every thing?" responded the disconsolate lady.

"Yes; to the last particular."

"Well, then, he pinned my artificial ringlets to the sofa cover: was not that malice propense?"

"Go on, Miss Beeny, — what did he no next?"

"He kittled her knee," cried the Provost's leddy.

"Well!" said the Minister, "that 's one fact; we admit that. Come, proceed, go on—speak out, Miss Beeny."

"Was not I in great danger?" sobbed the poor old lady, scarcely able to articulate.

"Provost Badge," said the Reverend Dr. Glasham, "it is very clear that the complainant, Robina Needles, has sustained no essential wrong; her case is really not deserving of any serious consideration;" and he winked slily to the Provost, who, addressing himself to her a little more familiarly, said,

"Miss Beeny, though I must adopt the opinion of our worthy Minister, still I think Mr. Todd has not been blameless; so I would, without going into the forms of law, under which, Miss Beeny, you would have but a small chance for any solacium, advise that gentleman to make

a handsome compensation for your wounded delicacy."

Mrs. Greenknowe, who had endured all with commendable patience, rose at these words, and said to her aunt, "I beseech you, Mem, to come away. This is mockery."

"'Deed it is, Miss Beeny," said I. "Let by-ganes be by-ganes, or I'll tell what the bird that was in the hedge yesterday morning heard about the little darling."

"Ha!" cried Miss Beeny, and bolted out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Thou troubl'st me.

AFTER we had enjoyed our laugh, the Minister proposed that he and I should take a turn in the Provost's garden, whilst the Provost apprised the town's folk that the affair was a matter of moonshine, and so procure a dispersion of the crowd, which, by this time, to the number of many hundreds, were assembled before the door.

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I hope you will pardon the freedom I am about to take. Both by duty and feeling, I am as little disposed as any man to overlook violations of propriety. The first report of this business was very bad; but, knowing the character of poor Miss Beeny, I did not put much faith in it. Still, with reference to the station she occupies, it must be considered, that you took a most unusual li-

berty. Unless, therefore, some means can be devised to produce a proper extenuation, I doubt it will affect your intercourse with the good society of the town, among whom delicacy of manners is particularly observed and cultivated."

The best answer I could give, was to acknowledge the plain truth, that perhaps I had used a freedom beyond propriety; but my mind was innocent of all intentional rudeness. "I was not, Doctor," said I, "fed with a silver spoon in my youth, nor have I since been much in the way of ceremonious company; besides, I am naturally of a light familiar humour. These things should plead for me with 'the good society' of the place."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "they will do so, and will procure your pardon, I doubt not; but they will become reasons against taking you into fellowship, unless, as I have already hinted, you can devise some method of convincing them with whom you would desire to associate, that you possess redeeming qualities. Excuse my freedom; for, although I confess this affair has been eminently absurd on the part of that fantastical old woman, I yet know it may essenti-

ally impair your comfort amongst us; and were you hastily to leave the town, it might ever remain as a stain upon your character."

"Dear me, Doctor!" exclaimed I, a little vexed to hear this; "it 's surely a terrible troublesome thing to be a gentleman, especially in Chucky Stanes:—what shall I do? Will a gift to the poor, and a mortification to the parish, help me?"

"I 'm afraid not," said the Doctor, slily, for he began to see through me; "but if you were inclined to enter again into the matrimonial estate, now would be the time to show yourself.'

"Who would take me?"

"Miss Beeny, I have no doubt," replied the Doctor, laughing. And he continued, "But seriously, Mr. Todd, I am speaking as a friend. I know how gnats are made camels in small communities; and, out of regard to your own character, you ought to do something."

"Preserve me, Dr. Glasham! that is making a desperate case of it." However, I put on my gravity, and told him what I had been for some days thinking of, with respect to Mrs. Greenknowe.

"Nothing could be better," observed the Reverend gentleman: "She is a most amiable per-

son; and though, perhaps, considering your years, a little too young,—but that will be no objection on your side. Have you said any thing to herself?"

I recapitulated what had passed in the morning, when I called to make up matters about the fracas, and concluded by requesting him to see Mrs. Greenknowe, and ascertain how far she might be disposed to change her condition.

"There is no time to be lost, said the Rev. Doctor; "I will go directly, perhaps she has not yet left the house;" and with these words he went in quest of the lady, while I remained alone in the garden, reflecting on the singular position in which I had placed myself. I was not, however, displeased that the affair would speedily be brought to a conclusion; and I could not but confess, while meditating among the flowers, that no event in the whole course of my remarkable life, was less owing to any wisdom or forethought of mine, than the chance of being married to Mrs. Greenknowe.

But my meditations were, upon the whole, far from being pleasant: I felt somehow like a fish out of the water; indeed, that had been the case from the day I took possession of the house of Hillocks, and I would have given a plack and

a bawbee, to say nothing of a dollar and a cent, had I never had any thing to do with it. I was too long accustomed to a life of business and care to play the part of a gentleman at large with ease: in short, I questioned the discretion of my entire conduct, from the period of my father's funeral; and resolved, if Mrs. Greenknowe did not meet my proposal with some encouragement, to prepare for my immediate return to the bustle and business of Judiville.

If she manifested any symptom of compliance, and only stood out on some condition about going to America, I determined it should be no hindrance. By this time I had seen that my son was, for his years, a superior youth, and that the lesson he learned in the duel, had pruned the wings of his young impetuosity: I therefore could feel no apprehension of committing to his and Mr. Herbert's joint care, the task of winding up my affairs, and of sending home my daughters, if Mrs. Greenknowe's objections to cross the Atlantic was of an obstinate kind.

The minister was absent at least an hour: when he returned, I perceived he had made up a face for the occasion, touching his com-

plexion with a gloomier tint of solemnity than was needed; but he knew then little of my ways, and maybe thought I was one of those foolish birds that are frightened for bogles made of clouts.

"Well, Doctor," said I, advancing soberly towards him—"what luck?"

"More than I expected, and less than I hoped. Mrs. Greenknowe is very thankful for the good opinion you entertain of her, and is sensible of the advantages she would enjoy with a man in your easy circumstances; but—"

"Ah! that but," cried I.

"But she apprehends that there may be too great a disparity of ages," rejoined the Minister.

"Not a day, not a day! it would not be so well were there less."

"So I said," continued the blackfoot: "then she made some observation about the shortness of your mutual acquaintance, and crossing the seas, and living in the woods: in short, she was too reasonable, which increases the difficulties."

Upon this I explained to the Minister, that, both as to crossing the seas and living in the woods, I should make no bones; and for the shortness of our acquaintance, that was a defect

which every day would lessen. "At the same time, Doctor, if she is so reasonable, it's to be hoped she'll listen to reason even upon such objections. Don't you think I had better see her myself? I'm not of a grade, as we have had sufficient proof this morning, to woo by proxy."

The reverend doctor concurred in this opinion, so we returned into the house together, where we found all the party we had left, and Miss Beeny so far recovered from her hystericals, as to be laying down the law on a case of cookery to the Provost's lady, preparatory to the grand banquet to which I had been invited. The Provost himself and Mrs. Greenknowe were laying their heads together in a corner, and I conjecture that something concerning me was the burden of their discourse.

Whether to open the business in the presence of so many witnesses, or to ask Mrs. Greenknowe to take a turn with me in the garden, was a little perplexing, especially on Miss Beeny's account; for I saw her take out her handkerchief, and prepare herself for a scene. A moment's reflection, therefore, convinced me that neither alternative was the right one, so I chose a middle course.

I went up in a straight, off-hand, free, frank manner to Miss Beeny, where she was sitting in her whites and yellows, and said, "Well, after all, so you and I, Miss Needles, are to open the ball together."

"What ball?" cried she, eagerly.

"That grand ball and supper which I am to give to all the good society of the town, in order to show them that you and I, Miss Beeny, know how to give and take a joke: you must be Lady Directress."

"Oh, Mr. Todd! that would be delightful; but not being a matron, I cannot undertake the office," was, to my surprise, the answer of the venerable spinster. I replied—

"I forgot that; you can only be there as a mademoiselle. But Mrs. Greenknowe — she can be matron: what do you say, Mem?" and I immediately went and seated myself beside the widow, in doing which I heard Miss Beeny say, in a half-whisper to the Provost's lady, "Is not he a captivating little man?"

"Ay, ay," replied Mrs. Badge, "we now see what comes of kittling knees;" and that excellent woman was again seized with an immoderate fit of irrepressible laughter, during which I had an opportunity of touching Mrs. Green-

knowe on the elbow, and of requesting her to take a turn with me in the garden before going home.

When I spoke of the ball, I had no sort of serious thought on the subject: it was said in what Miss Beeny herself called bandinage; but she did not take it as such; on the contrary, as soon as the Provost's wife had laughed her laugh, Miss Beeny resumed her laud and approval of the undertaking, saying —

" A ball, Mr. Todd, is just the punctilious atonement; it shows the true spirit of gallantry; and, if you give us a supper, it will be resplendent."

" It shall be all your own way, Miss Beeny, as it is a peace-offering."

" Miss Beeny! Miss Beeny!" cried the Provost's lady, "I doubt ye'll be letting him kittle your knee again."

" Mrs. Badge," replied Miss Beeny, with as much dignity as the construction of her air and manner could express — " Mrs. Badge, I am not a woman of an inflexible soul; my feelings are not obstinate, they are peripatetic. If I am content to forgive Mr. Todd his amorous insinuations, no one has any privilege to vituperate;" and then she turned towards me, and

said with great glee, " But the ball and supper has nothing to do with the jurisprudence of the Provost — mind, Mr. Todd, you stand adjudicated and convicted to solace me."

By this time I was beginning to fash at so much ado about nothing; so I took Mrs. Greenknowe by the hand, and led her into the garden; what we did there will be revealed in the sequel.

CHAPTER X.

The heart, the woman's love,
Was bred and twined with his that 's silent there.

My conversation with Mrs. Greenknowe in the garden was to a certain extent satisfactory. She had no objection to change her life, nor was she altogether averse to crossing the Atlantic; but she did not think herself justified to give any answer on the main point, which concerned me, because we were as yet but in an ordinary measure acquainted, and it was necessary to consult her friends.

I could not but acknowledge the good sense and prudence of what she said; but when I recalled to mind the fond confidence in each other with which Rebecca and I, with only my daily earnings, committed ourselves into the hands of Providence, I could not but think that the gathering of gear makes the heart sordid. Even in my second marriage there was little of

human foresight; though there was not that drawing of hallowed affection which made me defy poverty with Rebecca, yet a plain and sincere reliance between Judith and me saved all the cost and trouble of contracts and settlements;—we joined hands, in a low estate, for better and worse, and neither of us had ever cause to repent the patriarchal simplicity of that union, though it was founded more on convenience than on impassioned love. Indeed, after the death of Rebecca, it was not in the power of my nature to love again. My spirit had been mingled with hers; and when the Lord was pleased to remove her from this world, she carried away to Heaven all that holy enthusiasm which the graces of her character had awakened in my bosom, and which blended in such congenial affinity with the fine thoughts of her own innocent and beautiful mind. While she lived, I had no care, neither anxiety nor any worldly fear: if at times a flake of vapour appeared in the clear blue welkin of my spirit, it was like the feathers which are shaken from the golden wings of the summer morning, or the glorious flakes in the track of the setting sun. When I laid her head in the grave I felt no sorrow, but rather a solemn delight, believing I

had cause to think I was beloved by a gracious being, who was then brightening in the presence of the Light of Light. Yes: often when the stars are all in their splendour, I have a sublime persuasion that at some one of those windows and apertures of Heaven, Rebecca looks down upon the earth with eyes of youthful kindness remembering me.

I did not, however, tell Mrs. Greenknowe all this, but only, that when a bare young man I had married a gentle and religious maiden, with whom I had been so blest, that whilst she was on the earth, I thought neither of poverty nor of riches. I told her also that I afterwards married again—a woman of many household virtues, quiet and mild, placing all her happiness in seeing her family pleased with her solicitude to make them comfortable. And then I explained, that on proposing to put my neck a third time in the yoke, I indulged in no fond hopes like the dreams of my first love; and that Providence had so blessed my basket and my store, as to spare whoever might become my wife from the patient thrift and unwearied industry which was the lot of Judith Hoskins.

"In short, Mrs. Greenknowe," said I, "I want a friend and companion,—one who, content

within herself, feels no trouble in promoting the satisfaction of others, and who is likely to know that the first duty of a wedded wife consists in smoothing the pillow of her husband. Women are wooed before marriage; but there never was a blithe hearth where the wife neglected to take her turn and be the wooer after. Now, Mem, I think you are likely to realize all my reasonable expectations and desires in every way; and though I cannot offer you a beau versed in the rites and ceremonies of what your aunt calls 'good society,' I can pledge you a faithful hand and an honest heart, and will settle upon you a competency of God's blessings."

To be sure, this was rather a bargain-like declaration: but Mrs. Greenknowe was not one to be warmed by metaphorical flames, or pierced with figurative darts. She listened to what I said, and replied to every point with so much discretion, that I thought her more and more worthy of my best affections.

She told me very frankly, that she could, no more than myself, give an entire heart; that the better part of hers was cold in the grave with him who had first won it; but that if she was ordained to become my wife, or that of

any other man, it would be for the benefit of her own happiness to draw her pleasures from the same well.

This could not certainly be considered as an acceptance of my proposal, but it was encouraging: accordingly I resolved to persevere, and agreed she should take her own time to consult her friends; but as I might in the course of the autumn be under the necessity of going back to America, I hinted to her that it would be judicious not to be too long about it.

Such was the state of the understanding with which we returned into the house, where we found Miss Beeny and the Provost's lady by themselves, seriously discussing—at least, Miss Beeny was—the ball and supper she expected me really to give. The Provost had not returned, and the Minister and elder were both gone; I therefore did not tarry long, but left Mrs. Greenknowe to tell, if she thought fit, what had passed between us.

It would have been well, however, had I not been so hasty in coming away; for, the moment I put my head out of the door, a swarm of boys, who were assembled before it, gave three cheers; and a recruiting party at the cross changed their tune as I passed, and played

"The brisk young lad;" which set all the spectators a-laughing, and many of them shouted and clapped their hands. It is not in the power of tongue or pen to tell what I felt—verily, Miss Beeny Needles, all thy wrongs were amply avenged.

CHAPTER XI.

Lord! how my head aches!—what a head have I!

Few days of my life have been fuller of vexation than the day of that hobbleshow in Chucky Stanes: I have ever since, in memory of what I suffered, called it the Black Wednesday.

On my return to the Hillocks, after the precognition at the Provost's, I felt myself much out of spirits, fatigued, and an all-overishness about me, as if I had been unwell; so I went and threw myself down on the sofa, the scene of the outrage, incapable of guiding my own thoughts.

I would have sent for my son, and explained to him the much ado about nothing, but, upon reflection, I thought it a subject he had better hear of from another. Sometimes my mind was inclined to abandon Chucky Stanes and Mrs. Greenknowe at once; then I recollected my two

forlorn daughters, and how well that lady was calculated to be of the greatest service to them; and that, though on the near side of thirty, as concerned me, she was still a handsome young woman. Thus, my thoughts rising and falling like the sea-waves chafing a sandy shore, I lay ruminating for some time; at last I fell asleep.

When I was roused for dinner, there was a note from my son on the table, telling me he had gone to Kelso races with another young man; and that he would not be back before Saturday, when he hoped to find me well and comfortable. I had but little appetite, and this letter did not sharpen it: at first I was vexed that he had not told me of his intended excursion; but when I considered what had happened, I was obliged to acknowledge, he had certainly acted judiciously in getting out of the way, and I wished I could have done the same. It showed me however, what I had not thought of before, that the time was drawing near when he would probably be quitting his father's house altogether. This led me on to think that my other children, one after another, would be doing the same; and that the day was not very distant when I might find myself a lonely old man, in want of some

such worthy companion as Mrs. Greenknowe, who, being younger, was the better able to take care of my old age.

During dinner, and all the afternoon, I ruminated in that manner, and was far from being easy; at last I plucked up courage, and resolved to consult the minister, Dr. Glasham, finally on the subject. Accordingly, in the cool of the evening, I walked to the manse, and had the good fortune to meet the reverend gentleman at his own door coming forth to take his customary walk.

After a few cordial reciprocities, not without laughter again at my exploit, I informed him of my intended visit and its purpose; but as the particulars would not be interesting to the courteous reader after what I have related of our conversation in the morning, I pass the record of them by, except as insomuch they touch the result.

Dr. Glasham spoke with much wisdom: he entered very fully into my feelings and apprehensions concerning the dejection which attends the solitariness of old age; and he coincided in opinion with me, that Mrs. Greenknowe would be a most desirable connexion, and that she was not a day too young.

I then related to him what had passed between her and me in the Provost's garden, and he thought that for the time I had made bold progress; so thought I myself; and, to confess the fact, I was somewhat vogie of the valour I had shown her so handsomely off-hand. He thought that I indeed stood in as fair a way of success as could reasonably, on so short a notice, be expected; and it was not until I had used some persuasion, that he consented to see Provost Badge on the business next morning: for the Provost's wife being nearly related to Mrs. Greenknowe, made him in consequence a sort of doer both to her and Miss Beeny Needles.

The affair being so far arranged, we returned towards the manse: I have only briefly related the upshot of what passed. Our conversation, being both long and interesting, lasted from the door of the manse until we had walked as far as the Broom-hill at the head of the green, and come round by the tansy spring; for, since we had the job in hand, I thought it as well to complete it, and accordingly gave him full powers to negotiate and covenant the settlements with Provost Badge. At the manse-door I wished him a very good night; for, although he

pressed me strongly to go in with him, I was yet not just in order for conviviality.

And well it was perhaps for me that I declined his invitation; for next morning, when the minister called to see if I was still of the same mind before going to the Provost, he told me Miss Beeny was at the manse when he went in; and that he had some rare sport with her, not only concerning the outrage which she was beginning to make lightly of by the name of her comical hallucination, but a purpose of marriage that she would hear something of next morning, giving her to suppose it very nearly affected herself.

Though I could not be angry with Dr. Glasham for being jocose on such an occasion, liking as I do myself a bit of jocosity now and then, yet I was disconcerted by so much being said about it, and which, among other things, nourished my dislike to the orders and methods of the good society of Chucky Stanes. But, inasmuch as it troubled me, it made me the more eager to bring the matter speedily to close quarters with the widow. Accordingly, when Dr. Glasham went to the Provost's, I went to her; but, on reaching the house, I learned she was also gone to the Provost's. The cutty of

a servant lass said, however, with a smile, that Miss Beeny was at home, and she was sure would be glad to see me; so I spirited myself to go in. Scarcely however was I seated, and my bantering begun,—for I saw Miss Beeny was too ticklish a subject to deal with otherwise,—when a post-haste message came from Mr. Badge, requesting an immediate visit: I guessed she was summoned to the consultation.

At first, I was inclined to walk with her, and indeed went part of the way; but seeing the light in which we were regarded by the shopkeepers as we passed along, I changed my course and went home to await the coming of the minister; and I never was more glad of shelter than when I entered again my own door. But, alas! there was no place of refuge for me.

I had scarcely taken my seat on the celebrated sofa, when Mr. Selvege, the cloth-merchant, came in with his patterns. After many professional inflexions, he gave me to understand, that having observed I always wore black, he had come with his swatches, in consequence of hearing I was likely to require a coloured coat, and to beg the favour of my preference.

I was much disposed to bid him go to an ill

place for custom; but I had been so worried by this time, that I could not act with my wonted decision; and in consequence, out of mere incapability to give a firm answer, I looked at his patterns, and was persuaded to take a dark purple cloth for a coat, the most thriftless of all the colours of the rainbow, and, I verily believe, an ancient shopkeeper: I likewise ordered a pair of decencies of the same colour. Thus was he tacitly accredited to all his customers to announce my intended marriage.

He was not well gone when Mr. Ribbans the haberdasher was shown in, come also to solicit my custom. I was really angry by this time at my own weakness in yielding so easily as I had done to the cunning persuasion of Mr. Selvege; and did not behave with common civility to Mr. Ribbans, whom I soon sent off with a flea in his ear. But he was hardly out of the door, when my reason rebelled against the rudeness of which I had been guilty: this was an addition to my felicity!—Oh, what would I have given to have been safe back in my log-hut, amidst all the discomforts even of Babelmandel! Mr. Waft was amiable, compared with the last of my present vexations.

Chagrined at myself, irked against the world,

my torments were not yet ended. In came Provost Badge himself, with a complaisant and debonair countenance. The object of his visit was to ascertain, before an answer would be given on behalf of Mrs. Greenknowe, what really was the amount of jointure I would settle on her. Having made up my mind as to this—having indeed been as explicit on the subject as I could well be to Dr. Glasham, my answer was ready; but it was given a little tartly, for I was molested by the question.

"I hope you 're not offended," said the Provost, "but I would not be doing my duty to my wife's cousin, if I neglected her interests on an occasion so important." Before I could answer him properly,—for I perceived that I had been betrayed by the natural quickness of my temper to answer him without a right respect for propriety,—Miss Beeny Needles put her head in at the door, and said, when the Provost was done, she had "an interrogation to eject."

"Say it at once," exclaimed I, now no longer able to repress my irritation; upon which the spinster stepped forward, and seemingly begged to know what night would be convenient for me to have the ball, and how many couple I intended should be invited.

It was well for Miss Beeny that the question went so far beyond any thing I expected: instead of exasperating my disturbed humour, it clean changed it, and tickled me with an immediate fit of laughter, which had the effect of making us good friends: and thus the black Wednesday, after all, ended pleasantly; for the Provost went away well satisfied, and, in less than an hour after, returned with Dr. Glasham, bearing the consent of Mrs. Greenknowe, that I should be received at her house on the footing of a wooer. The courteous reader will guess, from my natural alert disposition, I was not long of following up the advantage to a consummation.

CHAPTER XII.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves.

EVERY day, and almost every hour of every day, convinced me that it was not amongst "the good society" of the royal borough I was to find a quiet evening. It might be, that my habits were not in unison with those of "the better class" of the inhabitants: but I now discovered there was a more primitive cause;—I had neither been born nor bred a gentleman, as the laird of the house with the lonely lum remarked to his associates.

The worthy gentlefolks were very thankful for the dance-offering which I was worked upon to give, under the directions of Miss Beeny Needles, to appease their alleged indignant delicacy; and they would, with equal gratitude, have sung, "Oh, be joyful," had I done as much for them every month; but I could per-

ceive there was some scruple amongst the gentlemen, especially those of the pedigreed order, whether I ought to be admitted into their fraternities on an equal footing; so I buttoned my pocket, and began to urge a little more particularly, in the course of my courting with Mrs. Greenknowe, the advantage of returning to America, where my property and all my best interests lay. Her consent to this I had no great difficulty in gaining; but I made no revelation to her of the secret reasons by which I was then prompted.

After a considerable sacrifice of time on her account to decorum, and after having endured doublets of humiliation in giving and accepting invitations among the leading members of the good society, the day of our marriage and departure was finally fixed. The week previous I sent my son off with a young gentleman he had scraped some acquaintance with to London, where we proposed (that is, Mrs. Greenknowe and I) to join him, and when we had seen the curiosities, to proceed to Liverpool, and thence sail for New York together. Miss Beeny, her aunt, was most willing to accompany us to London, and gave many gentle hints to that effect; but I lent a deaf ear to

them all: for by this time I had heard from Mrs. Greenknowe that the out-of-door folly and vanity of Miss Beeny were not her worst faults;—she had an in-door character.

As the day drew near, although I had before me a fair and rational prospect of conjugal comfort, I yet was sensible to a chilliness creeping, like an icy incrustation, on my spirit. I was again about to bid my native land adieu—perhaps for ever—and why? because it seemed to offer me no resting-place. My early friends were all dead and gone; I had acquired notions and ways, both of thinking and of acting, not in harmony with those of the new generation, with whom, had I remained, I should have been obliged to associate. Of all the passages of my life, this visit to Scotland was the most unsatisfactory, notwithstanding I wooed and won an excellent wife in it; but, as she is still alive, I need not be in any haste in giving her a character, for she may yet change: I speak of her thus favourably, to encourage her in well-doing.

Besides certain legal preparations for the bridal, I had some little business on my son's account to transact in Edinburgh, which obliged me to be absent for several days. In returning,

instead of taking the direct road, I came round by Bonnytown, to settle for the repairs of the old home habitation, which I allowed Mrs. Cradle for her attention to my father in his last illness to occupy, on condition that she would regularly let me know when it stood in need of repair; and make no alteration whatever upon any part of it, but preserve every thing strictly as it was. It seemed to me, while it so stood, that I had still a home: from the hour I first left it, and amidst all the new ties I had formed, I ever felt that I was far away.

This, I partly allow, was a weak fancy:—but does not much more of our happiness depend upon fancies and feelings, than upon the decisions of our judgment? Sometimes I think, if we gave better heed to them than to the elections of the understanding, our days would pass in a more even and easy tenour. Be this, however, as it may, I was far more affected in that last night at Bonnytown, than when I bade it in my youth farewell.

I spent the afternoon in revisiting every well-known object, and the few sad living relics of the olden time, who, though they were never my companions, were yet mixed up with recollections of those that were, and of harmless ad-

ventures, which it was a mournful happiness to remember. I shed the tear of a true-hearted child on the graves of my parents: over my father's, whose image was latest and brightest in my memory, I bent with the homage of contrition, as well as of sorrow; for the lack in my heart was as a sore wound, when I thought of the way which made me too late to receive his blessing. Verily, had I been that night doomed to die; to bid an everlasting farewell to this world, its sunny hills, and pleasant fields, and every jocund thing, I could not have been laden with a heavier sadness; nor did I contend against it, for all the sluices of affection were then opened in my bosom, and every tender feeling was overflowing. Endearing Memory brought also her earliest tablets, and read me many a long-forgotten tale of the sufferings which my father had endured, and the tears he had wept, as he thought unseen, when his means failed, and his hands knew not where to find the wherewithal to support me, for whom he implored Heaven to pity as his helpless one.

But why should I draw on the sympathy of the courteous reader?—why do I not rather dwell and expatiate on the moral shown forth in this story? Has not that poor, infirm, and pitied

child been favoured in a most especial manner? His girnels have been heaped, and all his vessels filled to overflowing:—truly may I say, that the miracle of the widow's cruse has been realized in my lot; and that I have good cause to join the powerful and prosperous in their anthems of thankfulness; and to wonder what am I, that such great things should have been done for me!

PART VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.

FROM the day of my marriage with Mrs. Greenknowe, whose name was Sarah, all things went on comfortably. We left Chucky Stanes as soon as the ceremony was over, without regret on my part, but my wife shed a few natural tears. We travelled at our ease to London, sometimes taking a post-chaise, and sometimes a stage-coach; stopping where ought

curious was to be seen, making a very pleasant jaunt of it.

In London we abode upwards of a month, and were so tired of seeing grand sights and fine things, that we both were glad when we left it. We then, being joined by my son, went to Liverpool, where we took our places in a packet-ship to New York, which for elegance cannot be described, and our voyage was as agreeable as it is possible for a voyage to be, to persons who were sea-sick nearly the whole way. I wonder how it happened, that although this was my third passage across the Atlantic, I was yet much worse than when I went the first time.

On our arrival at New York, I judged it prudent, on my son's account, to make our sojourn there as short as possible. Accordingly, as soon as Mrs. Todd had rested herself, and seen the curiosities, among which I showed her all my old places of abode, and where her pre decessor Rebecca, and I first fell in, we proceeded by the steam-boat to Albany, and thence, in the usual manner, to Utica, where I hired an extra to Judiville,* to which a regular stage-coach, much to my delight, had been established during the summer.

Having written by post from New York, on our arrival, to Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Herbert, and my son Charles, when they might expect us; and having also sent forward Robin from Olympus, where we were obliged by fatigue to stop the last night, we found, next day at Judiville, every thing had been prepared in good order for our reception; and greatly indeed was I surprised to see the progress which the town had made during the eight months of my absence.

The main streets, both to the right and left of the premises of Hoskins and Todd—that is, Hoskins's-street, and Todd's-street—were pretty well traced out by more than thirty respectable additional houses, of which seventeen were handsome brick fabrics; the bridge was completed, and the frame of a Presbyterian church for Mr. Bell was raised. In other parts of the town the improvement had been equally active; altogether, the additions within the eight months were, at least, two hundred and fifty houses, of which upwards of a hundred were handsome and substantial edifices. Politeness, with her shoe-brushes, had also become a settler. One of the first things I saw on the mason's shed at the corner of the Eagle-tavern, not quite finish-

ed, was a large yellow printed bill, announcing the establishment of an agency for the sale of Day and Martin's blacking.

I may pass over the reception we received from our friends; it was warm and kind, such as I wished and expected it would be. My daughters, of whom alone I had any doubt, received their stepmother with respectful cordiality; insomuch, that she was highly-pleased, and agreeably surprised to find them in every point of breeding and behaviour far above what I had led her to hope for. They had, indeed, profited largely by their intercourse with Mrs. Cockspur and Miss Volumnia.

The only drawback on the joy of my reunion with so many friends, was the condition in which I found my worthy berefactor Mr. Hoskins. He had met with an accident, by tumbling over a stump in the street—for they were still numerous, by which he ruffled off the skin from his left shin-bone, and had been confined to bed upwards of ten days by the wound, which had indicated no disposition to heal.

Mr. Herbert and the Bank were both thriving; but I was not long with him till I gave him a rough rattling, for still being on the

shilly-shally with Mrs. Cockspur. The Cockspurs were just as I had left them: the young gentlemen, however, only occasionally lived with their mother, having constructed a handsome house, which they called the Grange, on the land they had purchased from me, and were proceeding with improvements around it, both of a costly and tasteful order; making, indeed, a place for pleasants, greatly above the cut of the country.

Mr. Bell allowed the crowd of congratulators to be dispersed, before he paid his visit. He was an altered man, and so much to the better, that he seemed more like a younger brother than the same person. He wore the same pale cast of resignation; but the storm and the cloud that so darkened his countenance were passed away. It was a pleasure to see a man, who had been so deeply agitated, appear so calm and apostolical. He still, however, was not without a remnant of tribulation.

"The new settlers," said he, "are for the main part persons of lax lives and light principles, and moreover they are in general Methodists. It was with the greatest difficulty I raised money enough to build the church, which you would observe erecting on the left hand as

you come into the town; indeed, had it not been for the share Mr. Hoskins took in it with me, I must have abandoned the undertaking."

Glad as I was to see the improved looks of Mr. Bell, I could discern by this speech that he was something like the lady whose husband built and furnished a house complete at all points for her, so perfectly to her wishes, that she could not discover any one thing wanting, till she happened to observe there was no peacock about the doors; when she began to wonder how he could possibly forget such an ornamental thing as a peacock: and I thought to myself, that Mr. Bell is one of those sort of persons who, get what they will, must have also a peacock. But, nevertheless, he was not a man to be lightly considered; for, he had great talents both as a member of society and a preacher; and from the time his randy wife was hurled over the falls, he had proved himself well worthy of the best respects of the settlers, making due allowance for the infirmities of humanity.

The Judiville Jupiter was now a handsome newspaper;—not only was there no lack of Roman letters and capitals, but the advertisements were adorned in a most sumptuous manner, the like of which is not to be seen even in the

fashionable morning-papers of London. The auction notices were headed with the effigy of an auctioneer, demonstrating amidst bales and boxes, with his hammer, to a crowd of bidders. The tailors were distinguished by a dandy in the position of being measured for a new coat, and others by devices equally elegant and appropriate. Dr. Murdoch, the original editor, was still the dominie of Babelmandel, but had not augmented his character for sobriety in my absence. In Judiville, however, the inhabitants were better provided: besides Mr. Bell's academy, which degree his school had taken, two other seminaries of a minor class had been established. One of them was kept by a Mr. Dinleloof, from the neighbourhood of Hawick. He was known to Miss Beeny Needles for his skill in rhyme-making; and she, knowing he was in America, had begged both my wife and me to pay him some attention. According to her account of him, he was what was called a sticket minister, or, as she more politely described it, a perforated clergyman; and was a great friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, by whom he was introduced to her when he was among the multitude of her joes.

But gratified as I was by all I saw and heard,

I yet had a missing in Bailie Waft. In the evening, while wondering what had become of him, and thinking I could have better spared a better man, my son Charles told me he was still the old pest; and that it was supposed he was busy hunting for silver mines, for he was seldom met with; and it was understood he often absented himself for days together alone in the woods.

Speak of the devil and he'll appear. Just at this turn of the conversation, the door was opened, and the Bailie looking in, said—

"May I come for 'at?"

After the first shouts of our mutual salutations and congratulations had subsided, he took an opportunity of whispering to me, that he had been long wearying for my return.

"Ye're overly taken up the night," said he, "but I'll come to you in the morning. I have something to say that's no' fit for street clatter;" and he gave his head a wag of wisdom, and looking warily out from the corner of his eye, patted the side of his nose with his forefinger, thereby giving me to understand that he was possessed of a secret worth knowing.

CHAPTER II.

> There is a kind of character in thy life,
> That to the observer doth thy history
> Fully unfold.

As I did not propose to enter upon business until I had looked a little about me—seen what had been doing and what was to be done—I happened to be in a humour to meet the Bailie in his own way when he came next morning.

"Ye'll be weel pleased, Mr. Todd," said he, "to see what a grand prospering place this is. It's coining money for ye when ye sleep: ye have nothing to do but to gallant away to London town, and court blithe young widows, and come home and find thousands of dollars, begetting swarms of others, in the Bank for you. But although it's no' my fortune to lead captive captivity, I have yet not been without a share of luck—that I must acknowledge with

thankfulness—but I stand in need of a hand with a weighty purse, like yours, to bring it to a bearing."

"Then it's true," cried I, a good deal amazed to hear this, "that you have discovered a silver mine in the woods?"

"What would ye think," replied he, with a satisfied smile, "if it were a gold one? But whether mines be of silver or of gold, money is wanted to work them; and after all, they are precarious commodities, as some folks in London begin to find. No, Mr. Todd; to speak without delusion, what I have found is better than a mine. Silver and gold have I none, but I have much better."

The Bailie alarmed me a little by this, and I placed myself instantly on my guard, dreading he was at his hooky-crookies again. However, he continued, allowing for his oddity, seemingly to speak to the purpose.

"You know this is an unknown country; and therefore, as we are as ignorant of the treasures in the bowels of the earth as of the riches in the bottom of the sea, it requires no great skill to make a discovery by an accident. We have all heard of a cock that found a precious stone on a midden; well, I'm a cock, and just

with as little sagacity as any other cock, maybe I have found a precious stone too?"

"Maybe, Bailie, it's a bit of glass—the stopper of a cruet, or the neck of a broken bottle?"

"Nay, Mr. Todd, if ye're at your pranks, I'll no' proceed farther: but I have made a discovery, that's something sure."

"Then, Mr. Waft, if it be of any value, the money shall not be wanting to a reasonable amount: but how is it to be employed?"

"I have thought well, and with weighty consideration on that; and as the sum will be heavy, I think we should make a share-concern o't. The first building ought to be of a handsome, a very handsome description. I would not reckon for it less than ten thousand pounds sterling. If you have never been at Bath, in England, I have been—"

"But what is this costly building intended for?"

"An hotel, to be sure."

"An hotel! What is your discovery, Mr. Waft?"

The Bailie looked round to see that he might not be overheard, and pronounced in my ear, with a triumphant whisper—"A physic well!—

a prime doser!—when I tasted it first, I drank too much—Oh, Heavens, what I suffered!"

It thus appeared that he had discovered a salt spring on the bank of a lake about ten miles off in the woods, and that he proposed to raise another Bath, Cheltenham, or Saratoga around it. His scheme was to buy the land from the Albany Land Company, to whom it belonged, and build in the first instance a grand hotel. Nor was the notion without feasibility, considering how much of late years it has been the practice of the inhabitants of the southern states to come in droves during the sickly season northward, to the mineral springs, and that a new place was perhaps wanted: when, however, upon cross-questioning, I found the spring was a strong salt one, another thought came into my head, but I did not explain it to the Bailie; on the contrary, seeming to fall in with his project, I impressed upon him the necessity of still keeping the discovery secret; and lest some other person should also find the spring, that we should ourselves go together the first fine day to examine the place, and bring away a bottle or two of the water, in order to have it tested by a doctor.

To all this he readily assented, saying—"But

what are you to give me in the first instance for telling you? I ought to have a luck penny down in hand, as the price of letting you know the place."

There was something like reason in this stipulation, and after a discussion, it was covenanted, that if the water proved likely to be turned to a profitable account, he should have a hundred dollars for his discovery, provided a purchase was made of the spot from the Land Company. The bargain we implimented in writing the same day, by a minute of agreement which Mr. Herbert drew up, to whom I confided my secret intention. The day after the next to that was fixed for the inspection of the place; the nature of the business requiring the utmost dispatch, for, by this time it was far in the year, the middle of November, and the young men of the settlement were often out a-gunning in the wilderness, and there was a chance of some of them falling in with the spring.

It may be thought that it showed a hasty predilection for specs, to begin, so soon after my arrival with a young wife, to meditate the establishment of salt-works, for it was to do that my mind secretly inclined whenever I

heard the water was saline; but I had my eldest son to provide for, and I thought it would be as well, all things serving, to take the matter up for him at once: upon consulting Mr. Hoskins, he thought so too, and much regretted that the condition of his shin prevented him from going with us to the inspection.

The courteous reader, who sends to the shop or store, and gets his salt-box filled for a few cents, has no right idea of the importance which it was possible the Bailie's discovery might prove to a new community, and therefore cannot properly sympathize with the anxiety I felt from the moment he divulged it, lest my scheme should be anticipated. He may, indeed, think there was little discretion in undertaking a ten-miles' journey into the wilderness, considering how ill-qualified I am to endure fatigue; and so I thought myself before it was ended; but it is the infirmity of my nature, to imagine that nothing can be properly done, (especially of a speculative kind,) in which I happen to engage, unless I have myself a finger in the pie. However, we made all befitting preparations; three trusty men were hired to carry our provisions and blankets; and on account of the uncertainty of November weather,

both the Bailie and I carried each an extra covering. My son Robin, who pleaded hard to be of the party, and was allowed, undertook to carry his own provisions and blanket; and, that our enterprise might not attract notice, we agreed the arrangements should be made at Babelmandel; and that we should start from that village, although it was, at least, a mile farther from the spring than Judiville, independent of the distance between it and Judiville.

When all was in order, we went to Babelmandel on the evening preceding the day appointed, that we might be ready to set out into the Bush betimes in the morning; but I must confess, that I was not altogether well content with myself for leaving my stranger-wife so soon among strangers; and I had a misgiving of confidence towards the Bailie, suspecting we should find his swan but a goose after all.

CHAPTER III.

——I 'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar!

We rose before the sun: it was a sharp, purple morning, as if the cold air had given Aurora the complexion of a dairy-maid abroad too early. In so far, to me, it was not disagreeable, for the toil of walking in the woods has ever been great to my loose shuffling feet; and the clambering over prostrate trees and cradle-heaps, with my brief legs, is always warm work. The behaviour of John Waft was not, however, satisfactory; he walked a little off on the one side from Robin and me, and was not, it seemed, in a conversible humour. But I was resolved not to have my trouble for nothing, so I began to jeer him for taking us a gowk's errand, and to make light of the mare's-nest he was conducting us to see. He,

however, took no heed of what I said, but plodded on straightforward with his compass in his hand, so that, what with his sullen silence, and the rising wind, and the rough, untrodden road, our morning's journey was not much calculated to soften the austerity of my reflections; in short, before we had been out two hours, during which we did not travel quite four miles, I was growing testy and fretful: but for plain shame, I would have returned.

When we had come to the sixth mile blaize, a boundary mark on a pine, we halted to take some refreshment, near a fine spring that came hopping and leaping, as it were with gladness, out of a rock. This was in a part of the forest where I had never been, and it was a place that seemed to have been made on purpose for travellers to rest at. Here we tarried some time, and the Bailie being, for so long, relieved of his care in tracing the road, resumed his wonted pleasing looks and quaint pawkrie, by which he, in a great measure, restored my comfort. The day however was evidently overcast; the thickly-interwoven basketting of the arborous vaults above us, prevented the sky from being seen; but we knew by the deepened gloom

around, and by seeing no shadows among the boughs, that the sun was obscured. The wind, which had been a brisk steady breeze from the time of our departure, soughing through the forest like the sound of a rookery in the woods of an old Scottish castle, began to grow gusty, and to have an utterance more like the breaking of waves on the shore; which I did not much like, for in that period of the year such mutations in the wind often betoken snow; nevertheless, as we only wanted four miles from the fountain of Esculapius, as the Bailie had named the spring, we girded the loins of resolution, and went manfully forward.

Before we had proceeded above half-way, the snow came on; it was the first of the season, small and dry as sand, and cruel as salt. At first, it was very slight, but as penetrating as an evil spirit: gradually it came thicker and faster, and we were often fain to take momentary shelter behind a tree, while the rasping wreath swirled by upon the blast. It was what is called a *poudré*, and it rased our faces, as it were, with wool or tow cards; besides that anguish, it was as blinding as dust in March, and several times we nearly lost our way. Still, setting a stout heart to a steep brae, we however

struggled on, and after some time reached the shores of the lake into which the spring ran. But never saw I such a scene of desolation.

The shores and woods around were greyly sprinkled with snow; the waters of the lake were dingy and troubled; and the merciless blasts, with their wintry scarfs, were careering along the surface. There was no sound but the plashing of the water, and the groaning of the woods, and now and then the crash of some unrooted tree falling in the forest.

This dismal sight caused us to mend our pace; and keeping as close to the shore of the lake as we could, with a quick eye on all sides to guard against falling trees, we at last reached the fountain.

"So, Bailie," said I, when I saw it, "this is the spring!"

"And is't no' a noble gush?" exclaimed the exulting bodie, though his lips were almost glued with the cold, and the icicle at his nose was considerable.

To do him justice, he had for once practised no deceit; it was indeed a vast spring, and uncommonly salt. My son was stooping to take a draught of it, in mere thoughtlessness, when the Bailie pulled him hastily back, crying, "If

ye ha'e any regard for your inside, I redde you take care how ye drink that pickle."

The cold was so intense that we could not remain long on the spot; but having filled our bottles as the fair maiden did her pitcher at the well of the world's end, we had recourse to our store and brandy bottle, of which we really stood in need; for, although our journey was only between ten and eleven miles, it had taken us upwards of eight hours to travel it, so rough was the road, and so ill was I at the travelling. But notwithstanding the coldness, I was in high glee and full of golden hopes, and humoured the Bailie, as he pointed out to me where the hotel should be placed, and a most eligible situation for a row of buildings to face the lake. I allowed him to go on with his castle building, but my own plan was fixed, and I was only anxious to be home, and to make a bargain for the land with the Land Company, if the water proved on experiment fit for making salt. But Nature, through the limited strength of man, restricts the endeavours of avarice and ambition.

The resting had stiffened my limbs, and when we rose with our faces homewards, I felt that it was an utter impossibility for me to

travel much farther that evening. It is true, we did not expect to reach Babelmandel; we had provided ourselves for passing the night in the wood; but we had reckoned on getting so far as to reach it in sufficient time next day to enable me to try what bargain I could make with the land-office in Napoleon before going home.

But to spend that wild and howling night unsheltered on the banks of the roaring and dismal lake was terrible even to imagine, while the occasional avalanche of the falling trees warned us of the dangers we had to encounter in the woods: after holding a council of war, we resolved to trust in Providence, and I made the best effort a willing heart could do in the sore labour, as it was to me, of retracing our steps.

Our returning was in some respects less severe than our going; the wind was on our backs, and the air within the Bush was milder than on the bleak shore, but I was so exhausted that it became necessary to halt, while we had yet a good hour of daylight before us. The place we selected to pitch our tent,—if I may so say, for tent we had none,—was the middle of a growth of low young timber, which had sprung up after a wind-fall or a fire; we chose it because

it was at some distance from the large trees, amongst which the increasing wind was making tremendous havoc.

Here the provision bearers with their axes soon cleared a spot sufficiently spacious, on which we constructed a shanty with bark and branches; and having kindled a fire, made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. Soon after dark the wind began to abate and the snow, instead of continuing that searching and remorseless powder which entered every crevice, changed into broad and christian-like flakes, which lodging on the bark roof of our habitation, added much to its snugness. All therefore promised well; and we were too numerous to dread wolves or bears; and as for the snakes, on such a night we knew they were all laid up, and knotted in their wintry dens.

It was our hope, as the wind changed at sun-down, that before midnight the snow would cease; but in this we were grievously disappointed, and long before midnight we had great cause for alarm. The flakes continued to fall thicker and heavier; long before the moon rose, and she rose at ten, the snow was more than a foot deep around us; a sad prospect to me who was so poor a pedestrian. I had however made up

my mind to pass the night as happily as I could; I had placed myself in the hands of Providence, and therefore had I no fear; and I comforted my son and those about me when they expressed their apprehensions, saying we know not what a day may bring forth.

Bailie Waft however, as the snow continued to fall, grew more and more alarmed, and at last worked himself into a state of desperation. He could not rest in the shanty, but although the trees rendered it impossible to see the heavens, went continually out and in, in the hope of discovering some sign of change.

On one occasion, believing there was some softening in the air, he stepped a little farther than usual from the shanty; and in gazing about stumbled against something and fell, at which he uttered one of the wildest cries ever heard on the face of the earth. We instantly all bolted up and ran to him, and to our horror found him, by the dim scad of the snow, sprawling over the body, and among the legs and paws, of a huge bear, too sleepy and benumbed to do him any harm. He was soon extricated; but before we could get the axes ready to dispatch bruin, the brute had so far shaken off its lethargy as to be able to effect a retreat into

the thicket, whither it was not deemed convenient in the darkness and a snow-storm to follow it.

It was however no accession to our comfort to know what sort of a neighbour we had so near; but the adventure happening to the Bailie, put us all in good-humour; so we heaped fresh logs upon the fire, and I for one, wrapped in my blanket, enjoyed several hours of comfortable sleep, though I dreamed that my wife was dead, and laid at my back as cold as the clay.

CHAPTER IV.

In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth.

As the day began to dawn I awoke; the snow was still falling, but the wind was solemnly lulled. The silence was awful—it was dead, and Nature lay cadaverous in a winding-sheet. Once indeed I heard the wood-partridge drumming on a neighbouring tree, a muffled hollow sound which reminded me of the nailing of a coffin. As I stood at the door of the shanty, thrilling with desolate fancies, the labouring forest, oppressed with the wintry weight, fetched as it were a deep and weary breath in adjusting its burden, and the snow fell in dumb masses around, as numerous as the yellow leaves in autumn, suggesting spectre thoughts about the end of all things. It was altogether such a

morning as may be when the death of universal life shall have come.

The snow reached above my knees, and we were still upwards of eight miles from Babel-mandel: as it had fallen so early, it was thought it would not stay long, and we had some idea, our provisions being still sufficient for two days, to remain where we were, in the hope of a thaw; but Bailie Waft sensibly remarked, "What if another snow-storm come before it?" This settled the question. After having taken breakfast, we prepared for the road, but in less desultory array than when we took the field:

The Bailie, as compass-bearer, of course led the van—no man could do the duty more carefully. He carried the instrument cautiously in the palm of his out-stretched hand, and without uttering a word, as on the preceding day, he studiously, and with undeviating eye, followed the pointing of the needle. The men with the burdens went next, and then my son, and last of all, to have the benefit of their trodden path, I hirpled in the rear.

It would fatigue the indulgent reader to recount the toil and hardships of that journey, the indescribable labour of the Bush travelling

being increased manifold by the deep snow. Our exertions never accomplished so much as a mile an hour, and the effect to our limbs was more grievous than if we had walked five; but still we got on, and were cheered by the hope of reaching Babelmandel that night, especially as the snow about sunrise gradually ceased to fall; but as we advanced, the snow became deeper and deeper, until we had great reason to fear we should find it impassable. I kept my heart alive as well as the bravest of the company; but as the snow deepened, I felt at times a touch of dismay. The courage however with which the indefatigable Bailie undauntedly led the van, was a heartening example: I would have been a caitiff vile, had I allowed myself to quail behind so bold a captain. But though effort may deserve success, who can contend with his fate?

We came to a place where a small brook ran black across our path. It seemed scarcely more than a yard in width, the stream was a mere dribble—a child would not have swithered to step over it, nor did the Bailie; but these swale-runnels are often deceptive, and it was so in this instance: the brook itself was small, but its miry margins were wide and deep.

The Bailie, in jumping across with the com-

pass in his hand, alighted on a fallacious stool of mud, and plunged down into the mire above his knee, by which he was thrown forward, and the compass was dashed in pieces against a stone. My misfortune in doing the same thing was also great. By the exertion, the two buttons on the back part of the waistband of my decencies were torn off. Let no man smile at this as a trifle, but add to the catalogue of human miseries, "walking through an American forest in the snow, having lost the hold-fasts of your braces." It was not however when the accident happened, that the extent and effects of the damage I had sustained were appreciated; for then we were all too much disconcerted by the destruction of the compass, as it happened to be our only one.

There was great thoughtlessness in bringing but a single compass: I had never imagined such a thing possible, for my son had laid in a store of mathematical instruments whilst we were in London, and I reckoned, that on such an expedition he would not neglect to bring a compass with him: but he had; and there we were, on the untrodden snow, and in the pathless wood, as completely astray at once, as

if we did not know our right hands from our left.

For some time we stood in consternation, looking at one another, till Bailie Waft, almost beside himself, gave a shrill laugh of affliction, with the tears hopping down his cheeks, and cried, "Oh dear! if we die on the snow, the wolves will eat us."

"And they'll have but a tough job with you," said I sharply, for it was not an occasion to encourage disconsolate councils.

As Babelmandel lay in a south-easterly direction from us, one of the men suggested that we might reach it by carefully observing the moss on the northern side of the trees, but I was decidedly averse to the attempt. The obstinate fellow however persisted in his opinion and left us.

Our situation grew every moment more terrible. After some fruitless marvelling, we all became silent: deserted by hope and human reason, I fell upon my knees and implored Divine aid, which was instantly vouchsafed.

"Friends!" cried I, starting up, "Providence has put a thought into my head that may help us. We have followed the compass in a

straight line through the snow; let us go back along our tract some distance, and set up sticks for pickets. By looking along them in the direction of our way, we shall see what trees we should pass by; and thus, although we may not exactly reach Babelmandel, by keeping a little to the left we must assuredly come somewhere upon the road, between it and Judiville."

This providential inspiration cheered all hearts; and lamenting the rashness of the unfortunate man who had left us, we immediately set to work, and were proceeding with confidence, when it began to snow again, threatening to obliterate our path; the wind too began to roar in the trees, and we heard around us the crash of several falling; but the most dismal circumstance was the drifting of the snow, by which the tract was overwhelmed, and my companions cast into the depths of despair. One of the men became frantic, and was with difficulty prevented from cleaving poor Mr. Waft with his axe. The Bailie equally wild, threw himself on the ground, and rolled about in an ecstasy of terror; my son stood composed, carefully observing me, and the other man sat down in the lea of a fallen tree, and, drawing his blanket around him, awaited in

silence what the Lord might be pleased to do for us. I alone was calm and collected; the heartening I had received by the answer so speedily given to my prayer, comforted me with an assurance that we would yet be preserved. Nor was this faith vain; for while I was standing ruefully looking around, a wounded deer, tracking the snow with his blood, suddenly bounded by, and convinced us that a hunter could not be far off. "Let us haloo, friends," exclaimed I; "and make a noise; perhaps we may be heard, notwithstanding the roaring of the wind." We did so, and were answered by a gun; at the report we hastened forward in the direction from which it came, and halooed again. This brought a dog towards us; it belonged to the Cockspurs. Presently we heard another shot, and almost immediately after Mr. Oliver Cockspur appeared in sight. We were rescued, and returned thanks for our deliverance on the spot. But the unfortunate man who had so rashly left us perished in the snow, or was devoured by wild beasts, for he was never more heard of, though some say that bones were found supposed to have been his.

CHAPTER V.

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

Mr. Oliver Cockspur had a pocket-compass, and rejoiced not a little in being the agent of our preservation. He re-animated our exhausted spirits, and put new vigour in our wearied limbs, by the glad tidings of our being within a mile of Napoleon, which, by the course we had taken, was considerably nearer than Babelmandel.

As he appeared to wonder a good deal at what could have been the object of our journey, especially when he heard we had spent the night in the Bush, I let him partly into my confidence; and never was a time better chosen for any communication, for he had his tests with him—it being a rule and habit with him and his brother never to go into the forest without them; so that, before reaching Napoleon,

my business was in a manner determined, for the water proved excellent brine, and I resolved to purchase the land at once.

Accordingly, though in need of rest and refreshment, I sent the party on to the tavern, to order some repast to be prepared, and went myself straight to the land-office, where I made an extraordinary discovery of the cunning of Bailie Waft. On speaking to the Agent for the lot of land, which I described as well as I could, for we did not happen to notice any of the surveyor's marks and monuments; indeed, the weather was such we could not look for them; he mentioned Mr. Waft had been with him some time before, with a proposal to disclose the secret of a mineral discovery he had made on the shores of the lake; but the agent having no faith in his judgment, did not listen to his proposition. It was therefore most fortunate that I had sent him on to the tavern; for had he been with me, suspicions might have arisen, as well as troublesome cross-questioning, a thing which I do not like; I had really enough of it as it was, for the Agent expressed his surprise that I should think of buying only one lot of land so far from the settlements. I got off however pretty well,

by reminding him of my new wife; and that, as Judiville was fast becoming a great town, we might need a country house in time for our intended young family; observing, that the spot was a situation with which I was greatly taken.

"On which side of the lake?" said he.

"The south."

"The south! why the land there is very indifferent, not half so good as on the northern side; and I understand there is a vile, unwholesome, brackish marsh. How came you to think of the south?"

Here I was a little puzzled, but I said, "Because I like to look on the bright side of things. If you build your house on the northern bank of a river or lake, you have always the sun in your eyes, and must shut your windows during the best part of the day, whilst the shadow of every object you look upon is turned towards you; whereas, from the southern side, all is the reverse, and the windows of the houses opposite sparkle like stars; a beautiful sight when you are sitting in the cool shade."

Having thrown this dust in his eyes, I com-

plained of my fatigue, which was no joke, and got a bargain for three hundred acres quickly concluded. So much land was not wanted for my special purpose; but I thought, in time, the salt-works would breed a village, perhaps a town, and the cost was not considerable for even so remote a speculation—especially as I paid nothing for the spring—of which nothing was known in the office, and I kept my thumb upon 't.

Having completed the bargain, and received the agreement, I went to the tavern, and joined the others, where it was not to seek what I had to say to the Bailie for his double-dealings.

"So, Mr. Waft," said I, "ye 're a slick hand at secret selling: can you expect to get the hundred dollars, after having been already hawking your ware from door to door?"

"But I did not sell 't though; nobody was the wiser by my telling I had a secret to sell."

"True; but ye told enough to 'waken curiosity. We shall see what a price the Agent will ask for the land, when he has explored the shores of the lake, and found out your physic-well, your fountain of Æsculapius. I doubt my friend, it was a rainy day yon, when you

took your hen for sale to the land-office. In short Mr. Waft, I never was more confounded than when the Agent told me you had been with him—for you know well, Sir, that, had you stated the fact, I never would have undertaken the fatigue and hazard of this dreadful journey."

"Oh, Mr. Todd," was the reply, "ye needna mount your high horse to ride me down in that way. What I have shown you was a secret; and saving among ourselves, is a secret still. Nay, nay, Mr. Todd, thy hundred dollars is as safe for me as if they were in my own pouch."

"But the land, spring and all, are sold. What do you say to that?"

"If that's the case, then I will say there is less honour and more roguery in this world than ought to be. Ay! the land sold—and the spring likewise! Who can be the buyer? Do you think he knows the quality of the water?"

"Just as well as I do, Mr. Waft."

"Dear me, dear me, Mr. Todd, but that's pathetical. Who can be the purchaser? Surely, Mr. Semple would never be guilty of that."

"Mr. Waft," exclaimed I, "can I credit my ears—did you tell Mr. Semple too? In the

name of honesty, how could you think of taking me in in such a manner?"

"Weel, Mr. Todd, if ye'll be quiet, and no' bow-wow at me, I'll tell you the Gude's truth. Ye see, ye were not come here—ye were on the perils of your voyage, and Mr. Semple is a spirity man, and most liberal, as every one knows who deals with him, which is more in a certain sense than can be said of you. So I thought, if I could turn a penny by him, I was under no obligation to wait for you. Now that's the plain truth; but if he has gone in a clandestine manner, and bought the land—where's honesty?"

By this it was quite evident the Bailie had been at his old trade; so, after some farther jeering, I told him the land was secured by me, and that he should have the hundred dollars; but while we were speaking, one of the clerks from the Land-office came for me in great haste, to beg I would give up the agreement, as the Company at Albany had just sent orders on no account to dispose of that particular piece of land, and the letter was in the office, though unopened by the Agent, while I was making the bargain.

On hearing this I observed Bailie Waft fid-

getty and uneasy, and finally snatching his staff from the corner where he had placed it, left the room, and we saw no more of him for some time.

It appeared that he had opened a correspondence with the Company, and in the hope of a reward, had disclosed the secret, and described the situation of the spring; but not receiving a satisfactory answer, he came to me. So that, had I not exercised my wonted alertness, I might have been cut off from the happiest chance which had yet befallen my family ;—I say family, because, content with what the store and the land spec had done for myself, I only laboured in the affair of the salt-works for the benefit of my eldest son.

CHAPTER VI.

Shall I abide
In this dull world, which, in thy absence, is
No better than a stye?

ON reaching home, where great anxiety during the snow-storm had been felt for us all, I found an important event had taken place. The two Cockspurs, perceiving that in the prosecution of their country improvements it would not be in their power, particularly during the winter, to be much with their mother, had signified to her they would no longer oppose her union with Mr. Herbert. On the morning after my return, that gentleman called to inform me of this, and it was determined between us, that no time should be lost in completing the marriage.

No event, which did not directly affect myself, ever gave me so much pleasure as this. It seemed to me all that was necessary to consummate the happiness of a most excellent and ad-

mirable person; and I had many a consultation with my better half, as to what we ought to do, in order to show our esteem for the gentleman and the lady on the occasion of their wedding. Not that it was to be distinguished by any inordinate doing—quite the reverse. It was, in every way, to be brought about as an ordinary occurrence; but we were anxious to present them with some testimonial of our respect. It was singular, however, and we have often since both spoken of it, that notwithstanding our earnestness, we never came to any agreement concerning what the compliment should be; which it must be allowed was remarkable,—it was ominous.

An early day was fixed for the ceremony, Mr. Bell was bespoken to perform it, and all the nick-knacky preparations usual on such occasions were sedately going forward. But three days before the time appointed, a tremendous drifting snow-storm came on. Mrs. Cockspur at the time was with my wife, and in the hope it would abate towards the evening, consented to spend the afternoon at our house. But the hurricane continued to increase; the violence of the wind was hideous; no person of Mrs. Cockspur's years could wrestle with it; it tore the

roofs off the unfinished buildings, scattering all things that came within the sweep and swirl of its skirts.

Some two or three hours after dark, the outrageous blast began to lower his horns, and to forbear his tossings, insomuch that Mrs. Cockspur thought, with my help and Mr. Herbert's, she would venture to her own house, though the skies were as black as a pall, and the road, filled with ridges of the drifted snow, was as an ocean suddenly frozen in the rage of a storm: we accordingly got her made up as comfortably for the undertaking as possible, and my son Charles went before us with a lantern: we had not however proceeded above half-way, when we all began to repent of having left the house, for we stumbled in among the ruins of a large framed building which the wind had driven over into the street, and in which the snow lay piled in huge gatherings.

Not having heard of the accident, we found ourselves entangled in the wreck before we had an idea of what it was; and the more we endeavoured to extricate ourselves, we plunged deeper into difficulties, till poor Mrs. Cockspur became so alarmed and exhausted that she could make no farther exertion. Lights and

aids were soon obtained, and in the end she was lifted out of her perilous situation and carried home, but in such a condition, that there was reason to fear she had received some serious injury.

Next day she was very ill: in addition to a dreadful cold and fever, she had received a contusion on the side, that made her unable to raise her right hand, or even to move it without suffering great pain. The distress of her family and of Mr. Herbert was unspeakable; for, although immediate danger was not apprehended, still there was cause to dread the worst so long as the fever continued to increase.

On the day appointed for the wedding, her appearance became alarming, her eyes sank deep in their sockets, her teeth seemed to be protruded, and altogether she was more like the embalmed inhabitant of a tomb than a breathing Christian.

Mr. Herbert was not present, but only Mrs. Todd and myself, when that frightful change took place. Seeing death so manifest, I went for Mr. Herbert, and as calmly as I could, prepared him for the event, fast coming. He accompanied me back to the house; but although I had solemnly warned him of the great alter-

ation, and it had become more awful during the space of my absence, he was so shocked on entering the sick chamber, that it was with difficulty we got him placed in a chair at the bedside.

The afflicted lady looked at him, and it would seem intended to smile; but her features became so horrible and ghastly, that he covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh God!"—Nor could I myself look on the dreadful sight.

Mrs. Todd, who had attended her first husband in his last illness, afterwards told me that in his case there had been a similar transformation of the countenance, but after death the features resumed their original cast. She was much calmer than I was; and the two young gentlemen and their sister being summoned into the room, she dropped the curtains, that they might not see what Death was about.

After contemplating the dying lady for a short time, I took the liberty of requesting all present, but Mr. Herbert, to leave the room: the patient heard what I said, and motioned for her children to come near to her. By this time her voice was inaudible; but she appeared to be quite sensible of her situation, and to be

endowed with more strength than her haggard visage indicated. She folded the hands of the three within her own, and uttered something, no doubt her last blessing upon them, and then she signified they might retire. Then, when they had quitted the room, she motioned to Mr. Herbert to draw close to her, and also folding his hand within her's, a woful burst of tears rushed into her eyes, and looking up in his face, uttered a fearful sound of sorrow, a feeble, hollow howl, and expired.

Mr. Herbert looked at the dead calmly and in silence for some time; he then drew his hands across his eyes, and his tears began to flow; but his grief was at his heart,—he showed no other sign of impassioned sorrow.

"My fate," said he, turning towards me, "is now consummated! Disappointment has done its utmost, and it has been wonderful in its constancy, and unchanged in its character. Often, often has my cup been filled, and dashed away as often in its brief passage to the lip. Oh, Sophia!—but I shall not tarry long, and when I die our friend will see us laid together; there, when all-confusing time hath mingled our dust, may never herb arise!—barren should be

the grave of fruitless hopes, and a heart so withered as mine."

He then rose and went away to his own residence: with great kind feeling the Cockspurs requested him at the funeral to do the duty of chief-mourner; when it was over, he returned home; and on the seventh day after, I did the same sad duty for him, and I placed him by the side of her whom he had loved so well. The town were all there, and tears were that day shed from many an eye that had long forgotten to weep.

CHAPTER VII.

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The death of Mr. Herbert, apart altogether from the anguish of heart with which his sad and simple story affected all who knew him, was to me a great loss: happening so soon after my return, before there was time to fall into my wonted custom, it occasioned me a great deal of trouble. I could not, however, bring my mind to business while any thing remained to be done in his personal concerns; and had it not been for the kind conduct of Mr. Oliver Cockspur, who really acted as if he had been the son of the deceased, I would have found myself in no small measure of perplexity. For Mr. Herbert left several relations, and he had made a little money in the Bank: after what I had advanced him was repaid, the adjustment, though a small affair, was most vexatious.

However, Mr. Oliver took it off my hands, and managed it in the end to the satisfaction of all parties.

Another grievous tribulation arose from his loss as manager of the Bank,—nowhere could his equal be found; and when I, at the request of Messrs. Haarlem and Breughe, stepped into his place until another could be got, the difficulty I felt myself in, on all points of the business, was unspeakable. Not that banking is a craft requiring a great stretch of understanding, for in that respect my store affairs were as the mysteries of Egypt, and needing the wisdom of the Chaldees' excellence, as compared with it; but it demands a particularity of attention, which does not well accord with my nature; —in truth, it is a trade I never could highly venerate, having uniformly observed that bankers were a class of the commercial community more remarkable that any others for the narrowness of their knowledge, and the straitened circumstances of their intellectuals. However, there was I placed, by that mournful event, behind the Bank counter, and so tethered to the spot that I had not a minute to spare for a crack with a neighbour, though his news were ever so interesting.

Mr. Hoskins, too, caused me also to have a great deal to do in his particular affairs. Being confined to his chamber by a sore leg, and being of a disposition not to believe any thing could be well done that he did not see to himself, it is not to be told how he fretted. In short, the first six months after returning from my visit to the old country, and in which I had counted on many days of pleasantry and pastime, with my daughters and their new mother, was of all the periods of my life the most beset with importunate cares. Indeed, had it not been for the cheerfulness which Mrs. Todd kept up in the house, and her kind endeavours to stop the plagues of such manifold business at the outside of the door, I verily think I must have gone demented. But in her calm and sensible conversation I was indemnified for many troubles: in thrift and householdry she was not perhaps so eager as her predecessor, still to a vexed man she was a more agreeable companion—in this respect, I think, she was more so than even Mrs. Cockspur would have been, who was certainly, I 'll allow, her superior in many refined ways, above all, in the fine style of lady-like English which she spoke; an accomplishment which persuaded me that no gentlewoman can

ever be properly genteel that speaks with the Scottish accent—whatever may be the virtues and merits of her character, for Mrs. Todd is, in point of virtues and merits, inferior to none. In goodness of heart she cannot be paralleled, and the interest—I may say the affection—she evinced towards Miss Volumnia Cockspur, after the death of the distressed lassie's mother, was not in the power of a mother to have excelled: I have no doubt it helped to hasten on that connexion which is now happily established between the two families, which began to kithe soon after the interment, and in this way.

Miss Volumnia, being lonely and melancholy, was often with my wife, and in consequence an intimacy grew between her and my son Robin, who, though two years her junior, was yet a handsome, well-grown young man, and of an open generous disposition, which was greatly taking with every body who knew him. I was the first who discerned what was coming to pass, nor did it displease me; on the contrary, it delighted me; for where was he likely to fall in with a young lady equal to her? and as to the difference in their years, it was, in my opinion, and in that of my wife, a positive advantage. I however made an impregnable point, that

they should not be married until the salt-works were fairly established. In the mean time, Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur was now and then casting a sheep's-eye at Marianne, my eldest daughter, and it was clear to be seen that another wedding was brewing.

But in that period of cares and forethoughts, one happy event should be noted. My brother, who, from before the time of my first marriage, had fallen into such delicate health as to be obliged to give up his trade and become a clerk, came to see us from Philadelphia, where he had been some years in a bank. There was a small matter in our father's affairs to be settled between us, namely, the value of the cottage standing in Bonnytown—for the good old man left little more; and to see my prosperity and his new sister-in-law, as well as to adjust this great inheritance, he paid us the visit. We had always kept up a brotherly correspondence; and I was very anxious that he should have gone home with me, but it was not in his power; a circumstance which I lamented at the time, as we had not for several years met.

This meeting was a source of great delight to me; and happening when it did, I could not but

regard it as another of those providential events with which my life has been so singularly distinguished; while I could not but chide and murmur at myself for not reflecting, that by his having been so many years used to the banking business he was perhaps qualified to take Mr. Herbert's place, more particularly when it so turned out: for, although he was not in talent equal to that great and good character, he was yet a steady and prudent man of business, with quite as much information and capacity as the generality of bankers commonly possess or stand in need of.

CHAPTER VIII.

> Well; he in time may cure to clear himself,
> But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
> Of a strange fever.

PASSING by without farther circumstantiality the matters of business—I ought, nevertheless, to notice that I narrowly escaped a tough law-suit with the Albany Land Company, owing to the double-dealing of John Waft, and it required some dexterity to get the matter amicably settled—in the end, however, settled it was; and by the time Mr. Hoskins was able to stir about again, the construction of the buildings for manufacturing the salt was actively undertaking. In the mean time the Bailie had disappeared; he was never seen at Judiville from the day of our return from the lake; and it was reported, that in the expedition he had caught a severe cold, which made it doubtful if he would be able to weather the winter. It was on the day of Mr. Herbert's funeral that I

first heard of his illness; but thinking it was only a cold by which he was affected, I paid no particular attention to the news.

When my tribulations began to subside, after the establishment of my brother in the Bank, and I had leisure again to look about me, I missed the bodie, and heard with unfeigned concern that he was still far from being well. In fact, I never had thought there was much more the matter with him than shame for the way he had acted in the disposal of his discovery of the spring; and as the question respecting it between me and the Company was adjusted, my wrath did not burn against him alway, so that I would have been glad to have seen him on the old free terms of banter, give and take, in which we had so long lived.

But one day his wife, a shrewd old carlin as cunning as himself, came to our store, and after some loose talk about this and that, all to very little purpose, she began to wipe her eyes with the corner of her shawl, and to whine about the black prospect before her, and what would become of her if the gude man was taken away; then she softly slipped in a word or two of cajollery anent my great friendship to them, and finally worked upon my feelings, until she almost persuaded me that the Bailie's heart

was breaking for the thoughtless manner he had incurred my everlasting displeasure; concluding with saying, that it would be a great comfort both to her and him if I would come up some day to Babelmandel and speak kindly to him, for it was hard to say if he would ever rise again from his bed.

Being thus importuned, and having really no malice against the man, I offered to visit them the very next day, and in the mean time told her to tell him to keep a good heart, and when the warm weather came he would be as lively as ever. She however, under some pretext or another which I do not recollect, declined my visit at the proposed time, and fixed another day, some four or five off.

At the time appointed I kept my promise; and to convince the Bailie I was without guile or ill-will towards him, I took with me a hundred dollars, to pay him for the disclosure of his secret, according to our compact.

On entering the room where he lay, I was grieved and shocked to see him, though every thing but himself was evidently put in order for my reception. There he lay on the bed, with oppressed eyelids and a long unshaven beard, groaning from the depth of his distress.

I wondered, considering how tidy all around him was, that he had not been in better order: I thought his beard might have been reaped, especially as it did not appear to be of long growth, not certainly above a day's more than from the time of Mrs. Waft's visit; but according to her account he was not able to bear the fatigue. It never occurred to me that it was, may be, a stratagem concerted between them to work upon my compassion.

I sat down beside him, and spoke softly, while Mrs. Waft took her place at his pillow, and began to sigh and shed tears. The afflicted man could only say, at heavily-breathed intervals—"My good friend—kind Mr. Todd—who could have expected this from you?" with many other broken sentences of malady and contrition: after some time, I requested to feel his pulse; and he stretched forth his hand, saying, "I have had a wonderful regular pulse from the beginning of this affliction, which is, I understand, one of the most fatal signs about me." And sure enough no man's pulse could be more regular; his skin, too, was cool and healthy; but Death, to all appearance, was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, on his breast, making his breathing dreadful to hear.

By and by there was a change to the better; he breathed at times easier, and now and then a word or a phrase came from him in a clear and healthy tone, which caused his wife to caution him not to exert himself, and led me to speak on the business of the hundred dollars. Somehow, as I spoke, his strength improved; and before I had paid him the money, we were jeering one another at a brisk rate in our old way—I forgetting his indisposition, and he doing the same, until it manifestly appeared that his illness was a sham, put on after he got the better of his cold, to wile by pity the hundred dollars from me which he despaired of receiving.

I am sure it will be conceded to me, that if I had not been of an indulgent nature, this was a man I ought to have treated far differently, not only for his conduct in this affair, but on other occasions, and yet I did not break off with him; on the contrary, I allowed him to have a share in the salt-works, and a situation in the employment of the concern, by which a comfortable provision was secured to him for life. He was, however, a restless creature: as soon as he found a person willing to give him a sum of money for the place and share, and who was

acceptable to the managers, he resigned in his favour.

But the bodie was not all bad; he had some heart, even though his conduct might be so easily construed as to make him appear sordid without restraint of principle. I am the more particular in mentioning this, as, from many things herein stated, it may be alleged that it argued little for my discretion to have treated such a tricky character with partiality. The matter, however, to which I allude, must not be discussed in this incidental manner. For it was truly the most wonderful event in my history; and the part the Bailie took in it was calculated to wipe off the score of many faults, at least in my humble opinion.

CHAPTER IX.

——— I shall do well;
The people love me.

The courteous reader must have seen by this time, notwithstanding my juvenile indiscretion as a Friend of the People, I was not naturally of a political turn: I had, indeed, from my first outset in life, too much to do in my private affairs, to have any leisure for meddling with those of the public. Thus it happened, that I took little interest in the principles of our newspaper, the "JUDIVILLE JUPITER;" I scarcely knew to which of the two great parties in the Union it was attached; all, in fact, that I did know was, that the first editor, Dr. Murdoch, was a British republican, and that when he was sober he wrote clever articles to which I did not very strongly object, though I liked them better for their fond familiarity with old Scottish matters and things, than either for the

argument or the language, though the latter was considered very good. When he was in his cups, there could not be a greater Herod for beheading; all who thought not as he thought, he regarded as delinquents that ought not to live; in verity, the paper was seldom in my hands.

It was not so with neighbour Semple; he was much of a politician, and of the democratic order; so were all the men about his mills; and of course he did not highly approve of the sentiments of the newspaper, which were more federal. This led him, now that the town had trippled in population since the establishment of the Jupiter, to concert with certain opulent new settlers for the establishment of another paper, which they called "THE CHOPPER, OR THE ORACLE OF THE WOODS," and Mr. Dinleloof, the schoolmaster, whom I have mentioned as a friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, recommended by Miss Beeny Needles to my patronage, was appointed the ostensible editor; the real editor, the writer of the leading and influential articles, was a Mr. Scholly, a clerk to the Mill Company, and who looked up to Mr. Semple as the friend that was to bring him forward in life.

There was nothing in the plan as here expounded to call for any special remark, but the plot was deep. Mr. Semple, finding himself waxing warm in his circumstances, began to nourish ambitious conceits; and the true purpose of his newspaper, as soon became manifest, was to open the way for him to be elected a representative to the State Legislature.

Mr. Scholly, being a young and inexperienced man, did not manage the business just so prudently as one of more wisdom would have done, and poor dominie Dinleloof was no check upon him. The consequence was, that he raised such a rout about the democratic party, and the Junius Brutus virtues of Mr. Semple, that men of moderation were offended, and began to snuff a taint in the wind when either the sentiments of "THE ORACLE OF THE WOODS," or the Roman soul of Semple the Miller, were mentioned.

The affair was not in the least interesting to me, only I thought it an upsetting thing of Mr. Semple, though he was in a very thriving way, to think he might be chosen a representative, which may be translated into English, a member of the House of Commons; many others were of the same opinion, and heats

and animosities were kindled in the town about it. At last Mr. Bell became so grieved to see the political schism spreading among his hearers, that he came to consult with me as to what he ought to do; it being his idea, as well as that of moderate men, that a candidate of more weight and popularity should be started against Mr. Semple, who, though a man of wealth and talent, was not overly well liked—in a word, he proposed that I should let my name be sent forth as the candidate of the federal party.

Such a proposition required time for consideration, and so I told him; when just then Bailie Waft came into the store. As I really felt it was a ridiculous conceit to think of me for a lawgiver, I told the Bailie, in jocularity, what we were talking of, and asked his advice. This led on the conversation, until it came out that Mr. Bell and his friends were not in sincerity desirous to exalt me to such dignity, their object being only to repress the arrogance of Mr. Semple. Now this was what I did not like; I could never demean myself to be a tool in the hands of any set of men, and I said as much on the spot.

The Bailie seeing how I was minded, and yet

discerning a great deal of plausibility in what the Minister stated about my popularity, said nothing, but remarked that all the purpose of asking me to become a candidate would be answered by putting me on the list of candidates without lo or leave. So passed off that deliberation; but what does the Bailie do? He knew the smeddum that was in Dr. Murdoch's pen when sober, and he goes straight home with the news to Babelmandel, and fortunately finding the unfortunate man in a rational mood, he explained to him what great things might be done for him if he espoused the cause I was proposed for, and write in my behalf in "THE JUPITER."

By this time the learned doctor was tired of his school, and was casting about to find some more agreeable occupation, so that nothing could have been better timed than Mr. Waft's suggestion; for he knew I had a great deal in my power; and as the Bailie kept my objections to the business out of sight, it was natural in him to conclude—I being supposed somewhat inclined to vanity, a most unjust disparagement—that he could not do me a more agreeable piece of service than to fall on the Semple party with beak and claw.

Accordingly, and surprising to hear, he kiggit himself, that is, pledged himself not to taste strong drink for a month, and the first-fruit of his virtuous resolution, was an article in the next "JUPITER"—an article which, for bir and sarcasm, sound sense and correct views of a legislature's character, could not be matched. It not only thrashed the laddie Scholly into chaff, but scattered that chaff down the wind. Not a word was said of me in it, but innuendos were thrown out, which pointed out who of all the settlers in Judiville—meaning me—was the fittest to be the new representative.

A swearing and tearing reply to this came out in the next number of "THE CHOPPER," every word of which was intended to be as the stroke of an axe at the root of a tree; and Mr. Semple was spoken of as the paragon of animals, with other bombastical decorations sickening to read. Dr. Murdoch expected this, and his faculties being refreshed by his abstinence, his answer was most dreadful: he was as a bull-dog with a rat; not content with crushing every bone in its body, he tore it in pieces, he growled over it; and when he had made it rags, he then,

in a composed manner, compared Mr. Semple and me, weighed our respective qualities, as it were, in a pair of scales, and shook him out, not only as wanting, but compared him to a lumby bawbee in an old Scottish tumbling-tam, in such a comical manner, that he set the whole country side into a gaffaw. Mr. Semple grew in a manner frantic, and withdrew from the contest.

This was Bailie Waft's work: but he did not rest with that triumph; he went about to make up a party for me in true sincerity, and acted in it with a sagacity that made us all wonder. He was, no doubt, assisted by Mr. Bell, and some of the most 'sponsible settlers, but every body agreed that he worked with an instinct in the business that nobody could have previously imagined of him; and so working, long before the month of Dr. Murdoch's probation had expired, the erudite personage, with some six or eight of the most reputable men in the town, came in form to ascertain if I would serve if the election fell upon me. To them I gave the same answer which I gave before to Mr. Bell, but in a different strain; for then the thing was like a youth's hope, but now

it was a matter for the calculations of experienced manhood.

My brother, who was one of the party, was amazed at my hesitation, and told me that he thought I affected coyness overmuch; but he did not know my mind so well as he imagined, nor, though the son of the same parents, and brought up at the same fireside, was he so ingrained with the auld-lang-syne-feelings, that made up the better part of the individual man within me. Still, as the proposition was a great honour, and might be the herald to greater hereafter, it would have ill-become me to reject it at once; so I told the deputation, that I would send them a candid answer in the course of three days, and, in the mean time, I would reflect upon their proposal as a man should do, who was not only desirous of renown, but anxious to serve the community; thereby giving them to understand how much I was disposed to accede to their wishes, if, upon weighing the matter with the gravity it required, I thought myself qualified to satisfy their expectations.

CHAPTER X.

> What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
> But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
> That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

THE proposal to send me to the Legislature was perplexing. It was an honour—undoubtedly a great honour; but it is harder to deal with proffered honours than with threatened evils.—What shall I do?—and I reasoned myself thereon, till for satisfaction I earned but vexation.

When Adversity marks us for her quarry, and her evils are ready to pounce upon us, our part is to stand firm, to summon our native courage, and to trust to Providence for aid to withstand the onset—then to have confidence in himself and in his destiny, sets the man upon the rock of fortitude, above the waves and the tides of fortune; but when the evil is more doubtful, and may yet by strength or adven-

ture be overcome, then is the time to call in friends to counsel and to solicit their aid. I could play my part better, thought I, in either case, than where the question is the acceptance of honour, for there is some chance that under misfortune pity may move to good and sincere advice,—but honours are enviable; it is not fair to expect from human nature sincerity of opinion, when you would propose yourself to be a candidate for offices which will raise you above your friends, unless it be from your adversary.

Such aimless and unamiable reflections molested my brain all the remainder of that day —my sons evidently counted on my acceding to the proposal, and Bradshaw Cockspur, who called at night on one of his wooing visitations to my daughter, set it down as a settled matter, and joked with me about my speeches. He did not then know I had been one of "the Friends of the People," and accounted among them a rising orator, though in the fashion of my figure there was but little dignity.

Mr. Bell, the Minister, an ambitious man, also called in during the same evening to combat my scruples, for he did me the justice to believe I had really conscientious scruples, but

the course he took was extraordinary. Knowing I was a firm and true Presbyterian, it was no less than to suggest, that by being in the Legislature, I might get some pre-eminence established for our sect over the Methodists, whose power and increase were as gall and wormwood to his spirit. This old-country conceit and priestly pretension only served to divert me, but I was not much flattered that he should have imagined me capable of so weak a folly; all I said, however, was, that I thought he had been long enough in America to have known better than to think the achievement practicable. "No, no, Mr. Bell," said I; "if ye thirst for sacerdotal superiority, the easiest way to quench the drowth is to turn Methodist yourself."

Never on the countenance of man saw I such a cloud blacken. I had seen him in distress of heart, and stung with mortification; I had witnessed him in unjust wrath, and had pardoned him for unprovoked insolence—but his visage on this occasion was as the skies seen on the seas at midnight, when the winds are up, and snow and hail strive with the lightnings for masterdom. He rose like winter and left the house.

Mr. Hoskins, who was present, recumbent in

an easy-chair, with his damaged leg upon a stool, listening to our conversation, looked over his shoulder as the high-priest departed, and said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do such a thing?"

By which saying it was plain that, the discerning old man thought I had pricked the conscience of Hazael Bell; nor was he mistaken; for when the Syrian saw I could not be his instrument more on this than on former occasions, he joined himself to Mr. Semple's party, and before twelve months were over, he was the Mons Meg of the Methodists, thundering from the high place in the grand church about which arose our first difference.

With Mr. Hoskins I held no particular consultation, for he was one of those who thought Laws and Governments often inconvenient and always troublesome. "Live and let live," was his motto. But he had his weak side as well as other folks, and from his dark sentences, I could make out that he would be pleased were I elected. In short, I was on all sides beset with friends urging me to consent to the proposed honour. or confident I would accept it. Mrs. Todd, my wife, alone said nothing; on the contrary, she could not be persuaded to interfere;

for on one occasion, when my brother entreated the aid of her advocacy, she replied, "It is a male business, and does not become a woman to meddle in it. If your brother thinks he can spare the time from his other concerns, and can act his part in it with satisfaction to his conscience, he will no doubt consent; but how it can be consistent with the zeal and truth of a Scottish heart, to abet councils that may be for the molestation of his native land, is beyond my feminine capacity to comprehend."

Now it was in the latter clause of this brief sentence that the source of my perplexity lay, for my conscience could not away with the thought of renouncing the right to claim paternity with Sir William Wallace and the brave old bald-headed worthies of the Covenant; my father's household gods, on whose altar, our lowly hearth, the incense of a special thanksgiving was every sabbath-evening offered to Heaven, for having sent them to redeem and sanctify "our ancient and never-conquered Kingdom of Scotland."

It is true, that America had been to me a land of refuge; verily, a land flowing with milk and honey, commended to my affection by the experience of much kindness, and hallowed in

the petitions of my nightly orisons, for many blessings of which it had to me been the Goshen. It contained all that was dearest to me in friends, and kin, and substance; and what was there in the far-off valleys of Scotland to fetter me from serving, by head or hand, the country of my adoption. On one side stood an aged matron, pointing to the churchyard where my forefathers lay at peace; on the other, a sturdy youth, with an axe upon his shoulder, bade me look where my family was spreading and prospering around.

All that night the oscillations of my mind traversed as it were between the past and the future; and when I arose in the morning, the doubts only became more active. The live-long day I pondered alone in the forest, and called to mind, that the wise and good of all lands and times had ever revered the love of country as sacredly as the love of parents.

Attempting in vain to reason myself into a right decision, I cast myself before the Lord and implored his assistance: nor was it withheld; for even then it was whispered in the ear of my spirit, that in "His Book" were instructions prepared; upon which I rose and went home, and opened the Bible, and beheld these words.

"If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

And I said to myself, as I closed the oracle, truly it is an awful thing for a man to forswear his native land.

CHAPTER XI.

Nay, then, thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear.

INSTEAD of writing to the foreman of the deputation, by whom I had been solicited to allow myself to be nominated a candidate, I resolved, after considering the business well, to make my communication to a public meeting. Accordingly it was given out, that on the day I had promised to send my answer, I would explain personally to my friends, in the ball-room of the Eagle-tavern, the sentiments by which I was actuated.

At the time appointed, a multitude assembled, the room was crowded, and besides my friends, a great number of persons were there from curiosity, and a few, no doubt, for a less commendable purpose. Among others, was our Minister, of whom, in the mean time, it was reported that he had openly withdrawn himself from my

cause, and had represented me as a weak, vain, and indecisive character, incapable of expressing two consecutive sentences with becoming seriousness.

Whether I merited any thing so derogatory from the lips of Mr. Bell, or whether, from my opinion of the man up to this period, I was likely to have believed he would be guilty of such backbiting, the courteous reader has the means of judging. However, the report was not without foundation; and in the meeting, and at the head of the room there he was, sitting with the proud and crimson countenance of a conqueror, as he thought himself. But though I must thus speak of him as the truth claims, and though I also must say, that from this epoch I regarded him as a man too much given to secular ambition for a Minister of the Gospel; the truth of his doctrines, and his power in the pulpit, still obtained from me the reverence which I entertained towards them from the first time of his preaching at Babelmandel.

Another thing which I heard of just before the hour of meeting, also disconcerted me. It was the part Bailie Waft and Dr. Murdoch were playing: lifted out of themselves by the

success of their manœuvres, they did not wait for the trumpets of others to sound their praises, but went about bragging of what they had done, and how they were the means of obtaining in me, for the State, a man of the greatest natural talents any where to be met with, and other such fustin phraseology. It may, therefore, be easily conceived, that when I walked into the room, attended by my brother and the two Cockspurs — my sons and Mr. Hoskins had seats in the crowd—and saw Mr. Bell seated next the chair, on the right — verily in the scorner's chair—and the winking Bailie and the drunken Doctor—then, however, newly-shaven and sober, on the left,—I was not in such a serene mood as the occasion required, especially when the Bailie-bodie rose and cried aloud, bustling and big; — "This way, Mr. Todd; make room there for Mr. Todd! Will ye no' stand back and let in Mr. Todd?" and so forth. But I mastered my agitation, and pressing through the crowd at last got to the head of the table.

Great applause had followed me from my first appearance, and was redoubled when I attained the place which had been prepared

for me; but judge of my consternation, when, in the very act of taking the chair to address my visitors, Mr. Bell stepped into it, and said aloud—

"GENTLEMEN,

"The occasion of the present meeting is—"

My corruption was so raised at this arrogance, that, with the agility of a magpie, I was in a moment on my legs on the table, where, pushing the obtruder back with my foot, I thus spoke—

"FRIENDS!

"The manner in which this black ram has pushed himself into our flock, would justly warrant us to drag him to the door by the lug and the horn; but let us have compassion upon him—a creature so void of all sense of propriety, as he has shown himself on this occasion, and maybe on others when he was a younger man, is not to be corrected by rough-handling."

This speech was received with an ocean's roar of applause, while Mr. Bell, as pale as

a lady's smock, with open mouth and goggling eyes, sat down as if he had been smitten with a sudden judgment. Bailie Waft was out of the body with delight; he laughed, he keckled, he snapped his fingers, and waved his hat long after the shouts of the multitude had subsided. That merry laddie Bradshaw Cockspur also might have been tied with a straw; and Mr. Hoskins, who was sitting between my two sons, actually smiled—a great sign and symptom for him of inward satisfaction.

By the time the calm was come again, Mr. Bell had recovered his audacity, and made another attempt to be heard; but the multitude, with all its voices, cried out against him, and "Down with the black ram!" thereby maintaining liberty and the freedom of election. By this time, also, I had recovered my self-possession, and waving my hand stilled the uproar; I then said sedately, that as I had invited the present meeting to hear my sentiments with respect to the great honour proposed for me, I trusted my reverend friend would not take the head of the table, or offer any opinion as to the entertainment, especially as he was an uninvited guest; and I added in a facetious pleasant manner,—"But when we had dined, I 'll allow

him to make what hashé he can of the broken meat. He shall then be welcome to my trencher, and to please his palate also to as meikle pepper and salt as he chooses to make use of."

The poor black ram was even more affected by this than by the deg and batter I had given it on the ribs, for he could better endure sarcasm than ridicule. His countenance showed that he would have given the world to have been in his bed, with the blankets over his head, and only dreaming of all that was passing; I was moved to pity him, he sat so destitute-like, but he had given me such provocation, that it was not in human nature, at least in mine, to refrain from pursuing the victory, for even in my compassion I could not but cry, "Will somebody open the windows, for Mr. Bell's like to faint with humiliation."

At the which words, snuff-boxes and scent-bottles were handed up from all parts of the room, and Bailie Waft, who had provided a decanter of water with a tumbler for me in case of need in my speaking, poured out a glass, and presented it to the desperate man, who snatched it in frenzy, and dashed the contents in the Bailie's face.

This, however, was carrying things too far;

so, in order to recal quiet, the obtruder being sufficiently baited, I begged the company to be seated, and I would as briefly as I could proceed with the business for which we were assembled. I then requested the Bailie to give me a glass of water, with which having cooled my tongue, and being still standing aloft on the table, I thus began.

CHAPTER XII.

Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat to virtue, consecrate
To justice, continency, and nobility.

"Men and Brethren!

"Though it has been said of me, as it was of the Apostle Paul—'his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible,' yet will I say unto you, as Paul said to King Agrippa, I shall answer for myself this day.

"My manner of life is known to you all. Born in Scotland, and brought up in the religion and sentiments of my forefathers, I have always been proud of the Scottish name, and yet I stand here esteemed by you, who are of another nation, worthy to be trusted among the warders in the watch-tower of your rights. I am deeply sensible of this great honour; but in proposing it, have you considered the infirmity of man? Have you weighed the temptations

wherewith I may be tempted — temptations with which mine integrity hath never yet been tried?

"Did the trust you would repose in me require but honesty in the arbitration of such plain questions as arise between man and man, then might I venture to accept it; for over the balance-sheets of trade and the schedules of reciprocities Honesty may withstand the affections of Patriotism. But the questions which rouse the animosities of nations are of that kind in which I am conscious of being least able to sustain a proper part. You are persuaded, by the character I have earned amongst you, that justice would be the guide of my judgment. But search your own hearts, and then say, if you can, that in a national quarrel you would be satisfied with only justice. Do you believe that I am so superior to the sentiments of youth and the principles of manhood, that I would stand as an American by the American cause in a controversy between your country and my own old native land upon the point of honour? that for a stain on the stripes and stars, I could in my heart be consenting to require, with true zeal, indemnification at the expense of any British prerogative?

"It may seem to some of you that the land which contains a man's business, property, and family, is his country—and I know that this is a sentiment encouraged here; but I have been educated in other opinions, and where the love of country is blended with the love of parents—a love which hath no relation to condition, but is absolute and immutable—poor or rich, the parent can neither be more nor less to the child than always his parent,—and I feel myself bound to my native land by recollections grown into feelings of the same kind as those remembrances of parental love which constitute the indissoluble cement of filial attachment.

"Philosophy may reason against this: I have heard men of much learning, of unblemished virtue, and most exemplary in the practice of all domestic duties, maintain, that when we are free to judge for ourselves, the obligations between the parent and the child cease, and become subject to the determinations of our judgment, and that this is the law of Nature:—Yes: truly it is the law of Nature among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air which know no other law. But are we dogs to follow mere instincts? Have not we the Law of God, and a special law, commanding us to honour our

parents—And for what? Are any causes assigned for which we are to render this homage? —No! but only that they are our parents. In like manner there is no specified reasons which take the form of obligation to bind us to the land of our birth. It is enough that it is our country. Nature makes up the obligation of our attachment to it, from the reminiscences of our enjoyments there, just as she forms our filial affection from the remembrance of the caresses of our parents.

"No, my friends; I cannot in honesty accept the honour you propose for me, but my gratitude to you is not the less—I cannot serve your national interests with all my heart, and I have plainly explained to you the reason; I can therefore but answer like the maiden solicited by a rich and noble suitor, all I can give, honour, esteem, the love of the mind, you already possess, but the heart's love—that love which was bred and twined within my bosom before we ever met, cannot be given, for it belongs to one that is far away."

Such was my speech; no doubt I said much more, for the speaking occupied a considerable space of time, but that is the substance; and

it was heard with attention, and crowned with applause. I trow, after it, Mr. Bell never ventured to say I could not speak two consecutive sentences like a reasonable man. He sat awed and cowed while I spoke; and when I concluded, he had neither the power of utterance to address the meeting, nor courage to stand up. He was indeed withered, and looked as debased as if he could have crawled into a whilk or buckie shell for an asylum. But though he well deserved his punishment, and the effects of the refutation I had given to his derogatory insinuations, I could not see him slink out of the room, as it were, with his tail between his legs, without a touch of remorse; and I still reproach myself with having used the scourge with more bir than was consistent with merciful charity. Truly, a victory is not always a triumph.

Many of those who heard my speech were surprised, both at its vigour and matter, for it was not expected that I would have declined. There were, however, certain countrymen of my own, as well as English and Irish, who did not approve the straitness and strictness of my doctrine; which I was grieved to learn, for flexibility in principle is a proof of brittleness

in affection; still, even these professed their amazement and satisfaction at my bravery and candour; so that I may venture to assert, that the refusal augmented the consideration in which I was held among my neighbours. Mr. Hoskins, who joined me as I was leaving the room, said nothing, but shook me heartily by the hand, a testimony of kindness and approval he had never bestowed before.

Bailie Waft and Dr. Murdoch were in a sorry plight; nothing could be farther from their fancies than that I would refuse. They were petrified; they sat looking at each other like two effigies, during the whole time I was speaking, and when the great peal of applause broke out as I concluded, they both fell back in their chairs, and gazed as if they beheld the solid world moving away from before them. Indeed it was no wonder; for although, at the outset of their canvass and striving, John Waft was moved by a sense of gratitude for the kindness I had always shown him, yet, as the prospect of my success improved, his disinterestedness gradually dwindled, for he imagined, that were I elected, I would, like a member of the British House of Commons, possess a power over the disposal of the remaining twelve baskets of

loaves and fishes; he had even gone so far, on the morning of the meeting, to tell my eldest son that he would be content with a wee bit postie about the Government, till something better would cast up, for he could no' just hope to be made either a collector or a comptroller at the first.

As for the learned Doctor, I never heard what he proposed to himself for the reward of his services, but on the same morning he had held some discourse with Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, concerning a plan for a college at Judiville. I 'll not say that he contemplated to be the principal, or Lord Rector of it; maybe he did —but nothing ever after was heard of it, for that night, despite his vow of sobriety, of which a whole week remained unexpired; seeing his occupation in the election gone, he went upon the rove, and was, for several days, in a state of the most divorlike inebriety; reeling about the streets, and taking hold of every one he knew by the button, and demonstrating to them in inarticulate language. It made me angry to hear, and squeamish to scent the odious jargon of his debauch.

PART IX.

CHAPTER I.

The midwife and myself.

I KNOW not if the courteous reader will accord in opinion with me, that the proposal to elect me into the Legislature was the greatest event in my life, but such I have always considered it, because the refusal was the result of a great mental controversy, and from that time I steadily began to knit up all my manifold concerns into the smallest possible compass. In doing this, I neither proposed idleset for myself, nor the remission of my wonted activity; on the contrary, my main object was to be free to give my mind and experience to the further-

ance of my sons' fortunes, chiefly of Robert's; not for partiality, though he was the first-born, and the son of my first love, but because my family by my second wife were amply provided for by Mr. Hoskins, and because I did not intend, having assigned my interest in the salt-works to Robin on his marriage with Volumnia Cockspur, that he should partake in the division I proposed to make of my other property; moreover, though it may be regarded as a thing with which I could not properly be said to have any thing to do, he received with his wife a handsome fortune, well on to six thousand pounds sterling, which, however, her brothers with great prudence made a point of having settled on herself.

Charles was fixed in the store; and when I publicly announced my secession from business, Mr. Hoskins, in accepting him for a partner in my place, gave him a share in the Bank, which was doing wonders—coining money! My brother, on succeeding Mr. Herbert as the manager of the Bank, also succeeded to his share, and was grateful for the part I took in leading him on to such good fortune. My daughter Marianne was married to Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur in the spring following the election affair; an

event that gave all friends on both sides great pleasure, for he is a young man of a blithe and jocund humour, none the worse of a snaffle, however, and she is a staid, judicious creature, who manages him as if he were a very lamb. Every body who knows them says it is a pleasure to see their happiness.

As for Judiville, it is still a growing wonder; at this present writing, two years after my secession from business on my own account, the population exceeds seven thousand souls; they have six churches, and three of them have steeples, one of which is very handsome indeed; they have likewise a theatre,—for, as I have read,

> Where'er the Lord erects a house of prayer,
> The Devil's sure to build a chapel near;

and the river is crossed by three bridges, one of them of stone, and built after a beautiful design by Braddy Cockspur, as I have come to call him since he became my son-in-law.

"But what has become of your old affliction Bailie Waft?" methinks I hear the courteous reader jocosely inquiring. "Well and hearty," I may reply, "and none mitigated in his disposition to play at hooky-crooky with me when-

ever he can get an opportunity. He has, however, made no addition to his visible property, though it is well known he has never ceased to thrive; all he gets is hoarded in the Bank; and I suspect, though he has himself never told me so, that he means to return to Paisley, and to spend his gatherings among his old friends; otherwise, wherefore would he be so devoted to ready money? If such be his intention, it has my fullest approbation."

Here I ought to mention, that in the course of some three or four months after my oratorical exploit in the Eagle-tavern, a wonderful shower of gold fell upon the Bailie, and induced him to move from Babelmandel and pitch his tent amongst us at Judiville. My wife, about that time, took it into her head to grow thick in the waist, with the promise of an addition to our family; and being of a Scottish particularity, she was determined, if possible, to have at the occasion a howdie instead of an accoucheur. One day in the store, as some of my cronies were talking news at the stove, I happened, in consequence, to say that I would give something handsome for a midwife; upon which the Bailie, who was present, started up, and taking me aside, told me his wife had been of that order of

the faculty in Paisley, and was accounted very expert.

"What for, Bailie?" cried I; "has she so long hidden her candle under a bushel? she might have lighted her fortune by this time."

"'Deed," said he, "I'll be candid with you. We thought, when we came to America, that we would set up for something better than we were at home; so we blew out the candle and set it on the shelf; but if you think Mrs. Todd would like to speak to her, we can light it again."

It accordingly came to pass that Mrs. Waft was summoned to the conclave council of my wife and Mrs. Hoskins, and in the end was duly trysted to serve the want at the fulness of time.

When it was known that Mrs. Waft was thus engaged by Mrs. Todd, her renown began to spread, and other worthy matrons who were, in the words of the Douglas tragedy,

> "As ladies wish to be who love their lords,"

called in her wisdom likewise. Mr. Pestle, the surgeon and professor of midwifery, was not content at hearing this, but he comforted himself with the persuasion that the evil, as he call-

ed it, would cure itself. However, he calculated too fast, for my wife had a most fine time o't, and lucky Waft soon mounted to the top of the tree, and her name was in such fragrancy among the married ladies, that it was a favour to get her. Misses bespoke her with their wedding-gowns, and the Bailie bought a fine lantern to show her the way on night-calls; but his rest was in the end so often disturbed, that he hired an old black man to be her convoy, while he, as he said himself, took the world at his ease like a gentleman.

He did not however, to do him justice, live altogether on his wife's earnings. Having seen, when he came to reside at Judiville, that many of the new emigrant settlers were in want of advice, and others had different small affairs to transact, which took them off their employments, and were in consequence more costly to them than to pay an agent, he sat himself up as a universal broker. It mattered not what the business to be done was, for he was ready to undertake any or all sorts of business, and it was amazing to see how much he had to do in a short time. It was said he made pactions with the store-keepers, by which it was covenanted that they were to allow him a commission on all

the custom he brought to them, and I don't doubt he did so; but although Hoskins and Todd received a fair share of his favour, he certainly never asked them for any allowance, but declined it, when, at my suggestion, my son Charles proposed it to him, saying, I had paid him already; and for this, though he was the most excruciating to me of God's creatures, I am bound to maintain that, for all the defects of his crooked policy, he was yet not without something of a right heart.

I wish it were in my power to say as much for Mr. Bell. I have already intimated that soon after the catastrophe between us at the public meeting, he went over to the Methodists, and became a great gun among them. This, though it savoured of some apostasy, I yet did not greatly condemn, for it was a blessing to the flock of that barren pasture to obtain such an able Calvinistical shepherd. It manifested no doubt in him a stronger bias for secular influence than consorted, in my opinion, with the simplicity of a true pastor's character; and the manner of his secession was not so open as it ought to have been, for he gave his Presbyterian lambs no notice, but left them to the wolves at once.

Late on Friday night he sent the keys of the kirk to me, with a note to show the elders, informing us he had accepted a call from another congregation; a cold farewell which could not be considered as the breathing of a Christian spirit, and therefore I was determined it should be treated as it deserved. I sent at once for the other members of the session, though it was far in the night, and persuaded them to invite Mr. Dinleloof to preach for us on Sunday; and if he consented, to publish a handbill, stating as the reason of calling on him to take the pulpit, that Mr. Bell had deserted his flock. It may seem to well-disposed persons that this matter of the handbill was a work of supererogation; but at the time, and since, I have never been able to regard it as otherwise than a just measure, and sternly required by the arrogance and high hand with which Mr. Bell was attempting to snool us all.

CHAPTER II.

> I do desire you
> Not to deny this imposition,
> The which my love and some necessity
> Now lays upon you.

MR. DINLELOOF, as the courteous reader probably recollects, is the sticket minister whom Miss Beeny Needles, my wife's aunt, recommended to my attention, as "a perforated clergyman." On the increase of the town, he was induced to set up a school, of a grade inferior to that of Mr. Bell, and was also nominal editor of Mr. Semple's newspaper, "THE CHOPPER, OR THE ORACLE OF THE WOODS." He was a man that, from natural modesty, shrunk out of society; but those who were within the narrow circle to which he limited himself, spoke favourably of him. I knew him but slightly, for he was such a sequestered creature that, unless you went and drew him out of his shell as you would a whilk or a snail, you could

make no acquaintance with him, and I had too many things at all times upon my hands to be able to do that often. Perhaps he theré-fore thought that I did not pay him quite so much attention as Miss Beeny had led him to expect; for once or twice, when I fell in with him in the street, it struck me that he eschewed me; if he did so, it was without reason.

As I have intimated, it was late in the evening when we of the session resolved to ask him to preach, and but one day could be allowed for him to prepare, if he agreed. I may be wrong in supposing that Mr. Bell, by leaving us no time to procure a minister, counted on drawing a part of our congregation after himself to his new tabernacle: whether this was an unjust supposition on my part, or was the effect of a fair estimate of the man's inordinate character, I leave it to the sagacity of the reader to determine.

When I entered the humble habitation of Mr. Dinleloof, he was certainly much surprised, and gazed at me with a look of alarm, as if he thought I had come with strange news or evil tidings. He was about going into his solitary bed, for he was a bachelor; his upper-

garments were already cast off, he had also quitted his trowsers, and was standing in his drawers, with one leg bare, and a stocking in his hand. On seeing me, he took the quilted bed-covering hastily up, flung it round him as a plaid, and replacing the stocking on his limb, requested me to be seated.

I did not think, considering the condition he was in, that it was necessary to spend much time in explanation; so I told him off-hand my errand, and said, " We," meaning the session, " could not reasonably, on so short a notice, expect that night a decisive answer; but we trusted he would give our solicitation heed and reflection, and let us know in the morning whether we might hope for his assistance." I thought it also expedient, as a retainer, to say, that if he gave us satisfaction, it was not impossible but we might be in a situation to offer him an engagement for a season.

He did not make any immediate reply, but remained thoughtful for about a minute, when he rose, and lifting his watch, which lay on his night-cap on the table, placed it under his pillow: he then resumed his seat.

" I think," said he, " I can give you an answer at once, and so save trouble and anxiety.

I am not much used to preaching, but I have a few sermons ready by me, and I 'll do my endeavour to give you satisfaction through them on Sunday. After you have heard me, we can then talk of the future;" and he added, "I have never preached since I came over to America."

This answer pleased me; it showed that, notwithstanding his humble and retiring nature, he had yet some confidence in himself; but as the night was very cold, and he was not in a state to maintain a long conversation, I bade him good night; not, however, until I had invited him to take his dinner with me next day, in order that I might get some farther insight in his character; for I was surprised at his readiness, having prepared myself to meet with some diffidence, and at least the affectation of reluctance; for the young clergy are bashful chickens, whatever Bubblyjocks they may be after they get kirks.

On returning home, the street was still, the sharpness of the freezing air had driven every body to the stoves, and scarcely a sound but the noise of the river was heard. The young moon was not set; she hung on the verge of the horizon, and sent long and broad black shadows from every object, insomuch that it

was not easy to discern the appearance of any one standing within them, while they threw a kind of ghastliness around that made me eerie as I plodded my homeward way alone.

In approaching my own house, I was seized with a fit of coughing, and presently I saw the gleam of a female's white garment flutter at the corner and disappear behind it, while the dark figure of a man ran suddenly from the spot, and was lost sight of beyond the rubbish and lumber in the streets, and the shadows which lay like pools and streams among them.

I am far from being of a suspicious nature, but this chance seemed to me extraordinary; perhaps it was the chilly, superstitious dread on me at the time, that made me take any notice of it at all. Be that however as it may, surprised I was, and uneasy too, because I could in no way conjecture what brought such phantasmagorian doings about my doors; I thought, after a moment's reflection, it might have been one of the servant-girls with her jo; an innocent conjunction; but the coldness of the night assured me it was not a casualty; and when I entered the house, I saw by the colour of the gowns of the two kitchen nymphs, that it was not either of them who had been keeping tryst.

My wife was sitting in the parlour in her wonted composed manner; and not seeing my daughter Mary with her, I inquired what had become of her.

"She has been in bed more than half an hour," said Mrs. Todd; "she complained of a head-ach."

"Ay, in her bed!" exclaimed I. "Madam, my dear, will ye just step to her room and see how she is?"

Mrs. Todd went immediately, and soon after returned, a little disconcerted: Miss had not been able to get into bed, but was undressing in a great fluster.

"I must no longer conceal from you," said my wife with concern, "that this is the second time Mary has equivocated with me in the same manner. What can it be that draws her away from the warm parlour to sit in a fireless room in such weather? I cannot devise any cause to make her, all of a sudden, act in this manner. Surely she cannot have imagined I have done her ill; I am unconscious of having in any way whatever given her the slightest cause to avoid me; I wish you would question her about it."

I made no immediate answer to this, but it

grieved me. It was plain the simpleton had formed some clandestine connexion; I did not, however, at that time say any thing of what I had seen to my wife, but affected to make light of her molestation, while I was resolved to watch the damsel, and to catch her foot in the trap before she was aware. Seriously, however, the incident gave me great anxiety: things had for so many years gone thrivingly with me, that I was afraid of the slightest symptom of blight.

I was quite unable to conjecture on whom the girl could have cast her affections; for no less could explain the mystery, than that she had done so on somebody to whom she knew I had objections. I revolved in my mind the names of all the young men in the town with whom she was likely in any degree to have formed acquaintance; but the cogitation was unsatisfactory,—I could fix on none.

While thus ruminating, Mrs. Todd happened to say, that in the course of the day she had fallen in with Mr. Bell in the street, and was surprised, considering how matters stood between us, at the friendly manner in which he had addressed her.

"That 's the fellow!" cried I, springing from

my chair, to her amazement.—"It is Walter Bell,—scoundrel! his impudence is as large as his father's."

I then related what I had seen; and she agreed that the conjecture was not improbable, especially as for some time I had evinced a degree of coolness towards young Bell, who was reputed to be of loose morals, and addicted to obstreperous company. I discountenanced also my son Charles from cultivating companionship with him; in consequence he had not for some time been invited to our house. But that Mary, the cutty, would be gallanting with him in secrecy, was a thing I never once imagined, and the thought of it made me most uncomfortable. Both on account of the conduct of his father and mother, he was a connexion I could not covet; and it was determined between my wife and me, that we should lose no time in breaking off the intercourse: accordingly it was settled that Charles, who was a shrewd and discerning young man, should be taken into our confidence in the morning, and it was full time.

CHAPTER III.

Fye gae run, and fye gae ride.

TROUBLED as I was with the mystery in my family, I yet did not neglect my public duty. At the time appointed, the session met, and I repeated what had passed with Mr. Dinledoof, expressing my persuasion that we would find him a man of more efficacy than we suspected from the simplicity of his demeanour. But when it was proposed to issue the handbill which I had myself suggested, I was startled; the bare possibility of a connexion between my family and Mr. Bell's shook me; and under the constraint of that apprehension, I blemished mine own esteem by weakly persuading the elders to abandon the intention.

It was however a lesson of awe and wonder to see how rapidly one humiliation after another came to stir up the worst sediment of Mr. Bell's nature. I sometimes thought of it with alarm,

for it was as if Fate were giving pledges for the performance of some dreadful thing. In all the instances wherein I was myself the agent, an irresistible impulse was upon me, an impassioned necessity to do as I did, which could not be withstood.

When he heard, which was not until late in the afternoon, that the handbills were not to be circulated, he believed the design was only postponed in order to be executed with the greater effect on the Sabbath-morning, and his ire against me became as the unquenchable fire. It may therefore easily be conceived how the furnace raged, when in the course of the evening Mr. Oliver Cockspur waited upon him from me, regarding the clandestine conduct of his son towards my daughter. The immediate cause of sending that message was this.

During the time I was absent on the business of the minister, my wife found an opportunity to let Mary know of the discovery I had made; and the maiden, unable to equivocate with the circumstances, acknowledged that Walter Bell had been with her. When I heard this, and that there was no engagement between them, I determined with my wonted promptitude to nip their love in the bud at once; but conscious of the

quickness of my own temper, while I remonstrated with her both as to the libertine reputation of the young man, and his want of means to keep a wife, I sent for Mr. Oliver Cockspur, whose mildness and fortitude of character were highly esteemed in the town. I explained to him my sentiments on the subject, begging him to wait on Mr. Bell, and also on Walter Bell, to apprise them both of my decided opposition to the connexion.

Mr. Oliver described the behaviour of the father as something terrible to have witnessed. At the mention of my name, he broke out into a maniac fury; accused me of harbouring a malignant hatred against him, asserting that I never did him even a seeming favour but to humble him, and to make him an object of contempt with the public.

I can easily imagine the surprise of Mr. Oliver at such an address, and also the calmness with which he inquired what motive I could have for such conduct.

To that question the Bedlamite made no reply, but stamped with his foot, and dared the serene young man for calling his veracity in question. It was well he had a person of such happy equanimity to deal with. Mr. Oliver

saw it was useless to reason with him, and accordingly simply told his errand and wished him good-night.

Just as he was leaving the house, Walter, who had been abroad, came to the door, and he requested him to take a few minutes' walk, during which he stated the object of his visit to his father, and also the message he was charged with to himself. He expected that the communication would have raised the young man's blood, but greatly to his surprise he heard him with patient silence; and when Mr. Oliver advised him to desist from attempting to entangle the girl's affection, and to refrain from secretly besetting the house, he coolly replied that he would think of it, and abruptly left him.

"Be assured, Sir," said Mr. Oliver to me, when he related what had passed, which he did that same Saturday night—"Walter will be incited by his insane father to persevere in the courtship were it only to annoy you; and the obdurate young man himself will do so earnestly merely because he has been forbidden. It therefore becomes necessary to consider what you ought to do; for the peace and honour of your family is in some jeopardy between these two implacable persons."

In the mean time I had laid my strictest injunctions on my daughter to renounce the company of Walter Bell, to break off her intercourse with him, under the penalty of my severest displeasure.

Though the morning was clear that succeeded that anxious night, a cloud was upon my spirit, and I had a foreboding of impending disasters. I was therefore heavier with temporal cares when I went with my wife to the church than befitted the occasion. Miss, in consequence of the admonition I had given, had declined to accompany us; she remained in her chamber, and did not even come down to breakfast—perfidious baggage!

Contrary to all expectation, we found the church crowded to overflowing. The novelty of a new preacher had attracted many, but there was a notion in the town that Mr. Dinleloof was what is called a man of genius, and a vast number of young men were assembled by curiosity to hear him. Among others, Walter Bell was there. I did not, however, observe him, but Mrs. Todd saw him, and, as she afterwards told me, he looked towards our pew, and seeing Mary was not there, left the church.

Upon whatever foundation the young men

had built their opinion of the untried preacher, it soon proved to be well supported. Unlike Mr. Bell, vehement in argument, powerful in citation, and cleaving into the very marrow of divinity as it were with a hatchet, Mr. Dinleloof began like the soft spirit of Christianity itself, and won upon our hearts with the sweet temperance of charity, until every one was enchanted, and all thoughts, but of the holy things he taught, were absorbed in listening to him. I had but one sentiment when he concluded, and that was of my own unworthiness in having so little heeded a man of such gifts.

On returning home, the elders called upon me; and we were, during the interval between sermons, so occupied with ecclesiastical matters, that I had no leisure to reflect on parental. I had, however, the gratification to see my delinquent damsel dressed to go with us to the afternoon service, and wonderfully kind and complaisant she was; which was not very common with her, especially when any thing went against the grain. Mr. Hoskins, who had a hawk's eye, saw something that he surely did not like, for he remarked that she seemed to be sailing with a fair wind, and her behaviour in

church was certainly fidgetty and unsettled, though Walter Bell was not there.

When we returned home, she took her book, and turned over the leaves, and yawned, and sometimes was as abstracted as a statue in a niche in the wall; at others, she talked much, but not so pleasantly to the purpose as usual. All this was, however, pardonable in her situation, and neither Mrs. Todd nor I thought of noticing it, as we regarded her as in a sense crossed in love, and were willing to allow her time to recover.

At the accustomed hour she retired to her own room, and she shook hands with us as she bade my wife and me good-night; an unusual ceremony with her, but it was received as the token of a disposition to comply with my wishes. After she had left the room, Mrs. Todd and I sat some time conversing together, and in due season we also went to our chamber: scarcely, however, had we laid our heads on the pillow, when the most terrific yells and cries for help were heard on the outside; I started up, and opening a window, cried "What 's the matter?"

"I 'm hanged! I 'm dead and gone!" cried

Bailie Waft from under my daughter's window: his lantern was lying on the ground at some distance from him, and Lucky his spouse was struggling to relieve him from a rope. By this time the house was roused; my wife was up and had a light; but no Miss Mary appeared. The bird was flown; her ne'er-do-weel jo had provided her with a rope-ladder during the forenoon service, by which she had descended into his arms when she believed the house to be all at rest, and away she had gone linking with him. It turned out, that soon after the Bailie, while conducting his wife on a professional summons, rán his head into one of the meshes of the ladder, at the same time entangled his feet, by which he believed himself to be in the peril of an unaccountable noose. I speak of this affair now with a light and a playful pen, but what I suffered at the time beggared the capacity of tongue to tell or writing to describe. A hubbub and a hobbleshow was soon gathered by the Bailie's cries, and foot and horse were sent in all directions in pursuit of the fugitives, but by some strange infatuation I never thought of seeking them in his father's house. This was fate; it never once occurred to me that they might be there not all that

night over, till my two sons came from the salt-works in the morning, where Robert then resided, and where Charles had gone on the Saturday to see him. The first question my eldest asked was, "What does the minister say?" I staggered as if I had been stunned by a blow, and cried, "For Heaven's sake, run and see!" both of them did so, and were introduced to Mrs. Walter Bell. The minister had married them.

CHAPTER IV.

> Men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
> Do draw the inward quality after them,
> To suffer all alike.

THE manner in which my daughter had cleared out with Walter Bell greatly disturbed me; I was angry undoubtedly, but sorrow was mingled with my anger. She had connected herself with a set that I did not like; it would be harsh to say they were bad, though the young man's conduct was far from being in good odour; but they were all heady and irascible, and something was daily befalling the minister to exasperate his fierce passions. On more than one occasion, his behaviour had been so wild, that some folk said he was touched in the brain, and others that he was fey, and would surely commit some rash act. Loving, therefore, as I did with all fatherly affection

my poor misguided Mary, as my anger cooled my grief increased, and I wist not what to do; but I had a large experience of my wife's good sense and prudence in the midst of my affliction.

So long as she saw my mind in a state of heat and irritation she said nothing, and she cautioned my friends and the rest of the family to abstain from speaking to me on the subject—John Waft was not permitted to enter the door: but when the whirlwind was over, and I was beginning to gather again my scattered thoughts and affections, she softly led me into a discourse on the necessity of helping the young couple. I had myself been turning the matter in my own mind, and was pleased with the motherly kindness which led her to be the first to speak of it. It was therefore agreed between us, that in consideration of Walter Bell's unsteady character, the settlement from me should be on Mary, for her own particular behoof.

Accordingly, in the course of the same day, I went to Mr. Document, the attorney of Hoskins and Todd, and directed him to prepare a deed to that effect—he did the business of the concern; but Mr. Hoskins had another,

one Mr. Special, who managed his private affairs: indeed, there was no lack of the profession, nor of doctors either, in the town:—it could not be that such an accumulation of life and property as had taken place at Judiville would yield no carrion for the birds and beasts of prey.

In this transaction I deemed it advisable not to consult Mr. Hoskins, because he had made a judicious will in favour of my family, and it would perhaps have been improper to say any thing to him respecting another settlement. But he was already beforehand with me: as soon as he heard of the marriage, he went within the hour to Mr. Special, and caused him to make a deed, by which he assigned during his own life the interest of the legacy he had willed to Mary, at the customay rate of seven per cent. and secured the principal to be at his death for her own use, independent of her husband.

I will not undertake to say whether in this matter either Mr. Hoskins or I acted with an overly rigour towards Walter Bell; but his father thought so, and upbraided the old gentleman in the street for it. In him, however, he met with his match; for Mr. Hoskins re-

plied, with his usual phlegmatic brevity, that if he was to be bug-bitten for what he had done, he would put a clause in the paper, that the annuity was only to be paid so long as the castaway young woman refrained from speaking to that chum of Beelzebub her father-in-law.

By these settlements a respectable income was provided for the thoughtless pair, and I caused my eldest son, who could by this time well afford it, to make his sister a present of two thousand dollars, without any stipulation whatever, in order that she might give it to her husband to help him into a way of business. So that, without being inordinately sanguine, we had all good reason, as we thought, to hope the marriage would turn out happier than in the outset it promised to be. But unfortunately another cause was at work in the mean time, stirring up, like a poker, the burning coals of the minister's animosities.

Mr. Dinleloof had given such exceeding satisfaction by his two sermons, that we of the kirk-session hired him for twelve months, at the same rate of salary we had paid to Mr. Bell, who ought not to have repined at any such agreement: nor, perhaps, at first did he do so, though every body was well aware he had not

expected his place could so soon have been so ably supplied.

But the manner and the matter of Mr. Dinleloof's discourses were very different from Mr. Bell's, and out of that came the tribulation; they were full of tenderness and good-will towards man, breathing, like the delicious perfume of the vernal morning, a delightful persuasion to cultivate kindliness and simplicity of life. The young ladies became all enamoured of the gracious spirit of his piety, and trooped in flocks to his church, like doves to the windows, and the young men followed them, but whether for gallanting, or for the elocution of the preacher, their own consciences best can tell.

Owing to this circumstance, a visible hole was, in the course of a short time, made in the congregation of Mr. Bell; and he somehow contrived to insinuate that I was at the bottom of the desertion, as if it had been in my power to have made Mr. Dinleloof such an effectual orator.

This was not all. It was well known that Mr. Dinleloof had barely been able to support himself in his humble school; that he owed some small debts to different stores, and, among others, the materials for a suit of black to

Hoskins and Todd, with which he had provided himself when he was engaged for the year. Without saying a word to me on the subject, or to any body but Mr. Hoskins, my son Charles sent the worthy, modest man a receipt for the amount of his debt. This respectful testimony awakened the emulation of other young men, and they held a meeting on the subject, at which it was agreed to raise a subscription, that a sum of money might be presented to Mr. Dinleloof.

I knew nothing of this, nor of what my son had done, till the managers of the subscription came to request me to head it by a donation. This I did most cheerfully, thinking nothing of Mr. Bell, but only of the good the money might do; and not ill-pleased to find the affair had originated in the good feeling of my son: a considerable sum was thus obtained, to which my eldest son and the two Cockspurs were most liberal contributors.

No doubt, in the whole of this proceeding, there was something which Mr. Bell could not like: as for the part I and mine had in it, I have stated the unvarnished truth; but he saw farther into the malice of the plot. His clear eyes discerned the springs and vitals of the

machination; and it was said, when he heard the amount of the gift, he was as wild as a hurricane, thundering his imprecations against me, and threatening unutterable revenges, till he so terrified my poor Mary, who happened to be present, that she swooned away, and was with difficulty recovered.

Such extravagance could not be permitted with impunity. Mary complained to her sister, Mrs. Bradshaw Cockspur, and Braddy being a mettlesome champion, went straight to Walter Bell, over whom he had some influence, and remonstrated against the violence of his father.

"I do not ask you," said he, "to speak to him; but you must protect your wife from insult, and provide her with a house of your own, or all connected with her father will interfere; and our first step will be the revocation of the settlements. I give you till the morning to consider of this."

Mr. Walter Bell tried to mount his high horse, but brave Braddy told him—

"I have not come either to hear reasons or to listen to apologies; you must do—mark my words—you must do what I have said, and have your wife in another house before twelve

o'clock to-morrow, or the deeds shall be revoked."

Bradshaw then came and told me what had happened, and what he had done; which was so prompt and decisive, that I could not but commend it. From the first I had always a warm opinion of him, but I did not give him credit for such strength of character. His firmness had the desired effect. Walter Bell and his wife removed that same evening to the Mansion House hotel, where they remained till they procured a house for themselves; and from that time, as my daughter herself assured me, her husband's kindness continued to increase.

Nothing, however, could allay the burning brimstone in the bosom of her father-in-law: surely the unhappy man was infuriated by some strange frenzy against me, for in this event he discovered only new causes for hatred, and was known to give often way to passionate explosions at the bare mention of my name. It was indeed the opinion of every body, that were he to meet me in one of his fits, while he was under the dominion of the demon by which he sometimes appeared to be possessed, they would not be surprised if he attempted to do me

some bodily harm; and yet, from our connexion, I was loth to take any step for security against the outbreakings of his madness, for no less could I regard it.

By all these things, the courteous reader will discern that in my retirement from the responsibilities of business, there was no sequestration from cares; indeed, it was only when I had accounted myself above the world, that I first began to taste the bitterness and misery which may be in the lot of man, when seemingly all his desires are satisfied. My wife was deeply afflicted at finding ourselves subjected to such trials, proceeding from such a quarter, and so inaccessible to reason; and more than once she expressed an earnest wish that I would remove from Judiville, she did not care to what other place. "Your family are now settled," said she, "and their happiness and prosperity are in their own and the Lord's hands; for their worldly circumstances you can have no anxiety; and as for me and our child, it matters not where you fix our habitation, only let us be placed beyond the peril with which the maniac is constantly threatening our comfort."

CHAPTER V.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all is phantasma.

After the vexations rehearsed in the preceding chapter, the light for some time was under my eyes, a glare and strange dazzle disturbed the forms and the colours of every object, and I had a sense of bewilderment which caused me to suffer both from fear and distrust. I was as a man who hath a malady upon him, and cannot tell in what way he is affected.

I rose with the dawn of day and walked abroad alone, though the winter was drawing her chains closer, and driving home her bars. I thought of what my wife had said about changing our residence, and sometimes I was inclined to yield to that suggestion, and then speculated as to where we should go. In the evening twilight I also rambled by myself, and often did not return until the moon was up, and

the leading star of the night was muffling its lustre in the western mists and amidst the top boughs of the forest.

I was almost dejected, and my mind was saddened with dismay; I could give no sound reason, as things go with mortal man, for this alienation from all the interests in which I took so lively a part. I had but one truly consoling reflection—I was not obliged to abide at Judiville longer than suited my own purposes.

One afternoon I went forth by myself in the mood I have described, the complexion of my thoughts as pale as sickliness, and the condition of my spirits nervous and shaken. I turned my step towards the Falls, to which a tolerable path through the forest was by this time trodden out; and as I walked along, and heard the far-off roar of the cataract swelling through the stillness of the evening air, it seemed to me as if there was a solemn composure in Nature which I had never observed before; the calm and clear iciness of the air, had, as it were, a crystalline crispness in it; a something of winter felt but unseen.

When I had walked about half-way to the Falls, I beheld a man coming towards me, and soon after discovered it was Mr. Bell. No

doubt he also knew me; but as soon as I saw who it was, I resolved to pass him without speaking; and not to give offence, I turned aside at once into the Bush, walking, however, forward on, in the direction of the cataract.

When we were come opposite to each other, although I was at some distance within the underwood, I heard him muttering to himself, and striking his staff often with vehemence on the stones and bushes. As soon as I thought he was at a sufficient distance, I returned into the path, and looking back, saw him standing near the spot where I quitted it.

"Can he be waiting for me, and what can he want?" said I aloud. Nor was I left long to debate about it, for, as soon as he saw me again, he came hastily forward. I had no time for much deliberation; I therefore changed my course, and walked sedately back, determined to meet him.

For the space of a minute or two he mended his pace; then he stopped and looked forward; and seeing me still leisurely advancing, he turned round and hastily walked homeward: at this I also turned and pursued my original intention of visiting the Falls. I had not however proceeded above fifty yards, when hearing

some one coming up behind, I looked round, and there was the agitated man following. On this occasion I did not think it necessary to alter my course; if he has any thing to say, thought I, he can speak as he passes; if he has not, there is no call for me to disturb his cogitations.

I heard him coming faster and faster, but I did not look round; I then heard him stop; presently his feet were again in action, and at last he came up to me with his staff firmly grasped; he however said nothing, but affecting to whistle, passed me as if he did not see me. However, I continued to advance without changing my pace, and he walked on so much faster that I soon lost sight of him by a turn of the road.

He was not long out of sight till he re-appeared coming back. This I did not like; we were at the time in a dark pine barren, a solitary and silent place,—such a place as the mind is apt to conjure up dread and dismal fancies in; but I resolved to meet him.

As he drew near, I could perceive that he was powerfully moved by some inward conflict: his face was pale, and his upper lip hideously pursed; while his eyes, drawn deep into their caverns, seemed like two hungry tigers in their

dens, couchant, and ready to leap out upon their prey. I however preserved my countenance steady, and stepped to the other side of the road to give him room to pass, which he did, increasing his haste almost to a run till he again disappeared.

I was thankful he was gone: the trunk of a large tree happening to be lying near on the road-side, I sat down on it, more troubled in mind and saddened by the solitude of the scene than I could have justified or described. Whilst ruminating there, I saw him again, and resolved to let him go by and to return myself homeward; but he did not approach many yards when he again wheeled round and again disappeared.

"I must not let myself be disturbed and circumvented in this manner," said I; and rising, proceeded towards the object of my walk with a firmer tread. I felt that I had done him injustice in allowing myself to think he harboured any evil design against me; and as it were in penance, though the sun was by this time set, I went on to the Falls, and stood some time contemplating the vast turmoil of the waters, and giving my imagination the reins about all things that relate to might and majesty.

The thunder of the waters mastered all lesser sounds, and I became entranced into a forgetfulness of every care; but the deepening shadows, and the coldness of the night-air, admonished me that it was time to return home; and when I moved to go, there, within a few yards from me, stood Mr. Bell, leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his whole figure cramped together.

When I recollected it was near the spot where we stood that we saw his wife launched into eternity, I was melted with sorrow; I doubted not that his stern aspect was the effect of his resolution to overcome the remembrance of that appalling sight, or perhaps of his own headlong errors since—I regarded him with compassion for some time, and then went towards him to speak, for the noise of the Falls rendered the voice inaudible, save close to the ear; but again he darted away from me. His conduct was incomprehensible; and as he so strangely at once sought and avoided me, I resolved to return by the path on the river's bank, and let him take his own way, without being molested by my presence. Accordingly I stepped from the little eminence on which I had been standing, and walked homeward by that other path.

I had not however proceeded far, when I again beheld him standing in my way, and on an elbow of the road, round the angle of which the river rushes with great violence. He had so stationed himself, that I could not pass unless he stepped aside behind a projecting mass of the cliff; nevertheless, I went forward; it had been pusillanimous to have hesitated; but when I was within four or five yards of him, a strange awe and shivering tingled through my whole frame, and I thought, "What if he intends to push me into the stream? What spot is so fit for such a purpose?" This fearful apprehension caused me to halt, and he came forward; but before he had time to speak, I nimbly sprung past him, and reached the place where he had been standing.

It was a narrow track close under the cliff, and turned round the projecting rock so abruptly, that it was necessary to leap across a chasm of some extent, into which the rapid river swirled with a swift eddy. I reached the place, leaped, and was landed safely; but in the same moment a wild cry burst behind; I looked back, and the miserable man was floating in the eddy; I flung myself flat on the ground, stretched out my arm, caught the skirts

of his coat, and drew him to the bank—another minute, and he had perished.

"I doubt, Mr. Bell," said I, when I saw he was safe, "I may say to you—'The Lord judge between thee and me, and the Lord avenge me of thee, but mine hand shall not be upon thee;'" and with these words I parted from him.

I had not walked, however, above a hundred yards, when he came breathless up with me, and caught me by the hand, and wept over it. I shook him gently off, bade him make haste and go home, for the frost was keen, and his clothes were wet. "Another time! another time! I may listen to you, Mr. Bell; but, in mercy to your poor family, for the present hasten home." But he clung to me, and with accents of horror exclaimed, "I thought to do the deed in the wood, but something bright and fair came always between us; I dared not go near enough to strike. Avenging Heaven! I stood at the gap to intercept you, to push you into the stream; you flew past me; as you were in the act to leap the chasm, I sprung to drive you headlong in; you escaped, and with my own impetus I was hurled headlong into the vortex."

"Go home, go home!" cried I, scarcely knowing what I said; "I forgive you, I forgive you—this night you might have been in Abraham's bosom."

"No!" replied he, with voice as if a tomb had spoken, it was so hollow, horrible, and deep; "I might have been in my wife's—and she's in hell."

What more he would have said I dared not stay to hear; I ran from him; I dreaded to look behind; my heart fluttered like a limed bird; my breath and my limbs failed; I was obliged to halt—to cast myself on the ground—to cry out, I knew not wherefore; a phantasma overpowered me, and I swooned away.

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! how is 't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy?

"OH dear! oh dear! oh dear!" were the first sounds I heard on recovering from the faint into which I had fallen, and the first object I saw was Mr. Waft, with the tears coursing down "his pityful nose," standing at my side and wringing his hands. "Are ye dead, Mr. Todd?—oh! oh! Mr. Todd, are ye dead? are ye dead?" were the next sounds.

Having recovered my senses, I said to him, "Help me up, Bailie."

"I 'll do that, I 'll do that, Mr. Todd," cried he, stooping down and taking me under the right arm and hauling me up with might and main.

"Where 's Mr. Bell?" said I softly, and cautiously looking round—"where is he? I hope he is gone home, poor man!"

"Oh, Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd, if it hadna been for you and your dexterity, where indeed would have been Mr. Bell, or his precious soul?" exclaimed the still distressed Bailie: "he would have been over the Falls, food for fishes—food for fishes."

Being by this time quite recovered, I requested the bodie to compose himself and to lend me his arm to help me home, for the shadow of the world was coming on, and the day had closed her window-shutters. I then again inquired in a more collected manner for Mr. Bell.

"In his drookit condition," replied the Bailie, "what could he do but to run for help? He just said ye had snatched him from perdition, bade me look to you 'till he could send help; and with his teeth chattering with the cold as if his jaws were mill-hoppers, he ran off to the town. Gude guide us! how did he happen to fall into the water? surely it was not a fell-in-the-sea concern; he didna mean to drown himself, though every body says he is by himself."

"No, Mr. Waft," was my grave and solemn response; "ye may contradict whoever says he intended to drown himself;" but in a moment I was smitten with a consciousness of having laid

an emphasis on the last word that had been better softer; and therefore I added, "This pathway on the raging river's brink is not a road for folk to take in the twilight; alas for him, he was in great jeopardy!"

"That's true, that's a God's truth," said the Bailie, in an awful whisper, holding up his left hand shaking; "but it's among friends, it's among friends, it shall go no farther from me; and, Mr. Todd, although ye dinna think me, as I well do know, a man of wisdom, yet I'm a Christian of the old leaven, and the less that's said of the poor demented man's mischance the better; let us keep a calm sough."

I could perceive by this that the Bailie had seen or overheard something of what had taken place, and I was troubled. Mr. Bell was now a very near connexion to me and mine; for worldly reasons, therefore, as well as for Christian compassion, I had strong cause not to disclose his error — his crime, so I said, scarcely well knowing what was in the words —

"Yon's a dreadful jump yonder, Mr. Waft, it gars me grue when I think of it. Poor Mr. Bell, what made him come so suddenly after me?"

"Do you not know, Mr. Todd?" exclaimed

the Bailie: "Is 't a possibility ye 're in such a state of ignorance? It 's happy for you to have such innocency of mind. But I know both what and who made him peril his temporal and eternal life; it was the Deevil — Beelzebub, Belial, Satan, Diabolus, Old Nick, Cluty, or any other opprobrium ye may have for a name to him."

"What do ye mean, Mr. Waft?" said I, fain to put out of his head the dark knowledge which he had somehow acquired.

"Ah!" cried he, with a perturbed voice, "Providence has always a witness ready whenever an ill deed is to be done, in order that when justice comes there may be no lack of evidence. Ye 'll no' be pleased, however, to hear what I know, and less how I came to learn it."

He then proceeded to tell me, that taking his evening stroll, he happened, being walking in the Bush, to overhear, unseen, Mr. Bell speaking vehemently to himself, uttering my name with imprecations, and betraying a spirit full of hate against me; but that just as he was about to interpose and to reason with him on his unreasonableness, he had seen me coming along the road, by which he was led to keep himself

concealed in the Bush until he should see something like a come-to-pass taking place. In this spirit he had dodged both our progressions and our tergiversations, until he suspected his fears were greater than reason could approve. But in returning homeward he happened to halt on the top of the cliff which I had to pass, and where Mr. Bell had posted himself to waylay me, and he saw his gestures, and heard what was said between us. It was therefore of no use to equivocate; still however, while I neither contradicted nor disputed what he mentioned and surmised, it was not prudent to allow him to imagine I gave credit to the half of what he said. But still, here was a third person in full possession of the evidence which might be brought against the frantic man. I did not, however, advert to the criminal purpose of Mr. Bell, or even in any particular manner to the testimony Mr. Waft by law and conscience might be constrained to bear against him. Therefore, without alluding in any particular way to the event—I may say, without alluding directly to it at all,—we walked on towards the town; but I could not divest the Bailie's mind of the conviction that

Mr. Bell was actuated by a murderous intent against me.

Suspicions often beget the events they dread. It seemed to me, that independently of all other considerations, if Mr. Waft allowed himself to speak of what he had seen, Mr. Bell might be driven to perpetrate something either on himself or others. My situation, and the credit of all connected with the poor insane, were in fearful hazard; I however said nothing; but on reaching home retired to my own chamber, and ruminated with sorrow on the events of this critical evening.

The conduct of Mr. Bell was too terrible to be thought of; I could not think of letting even my wife know of the danger to which I had been exposed; but while I acknowledged to her discerning eye that I had met with something which had discomposed me, I gave her no reason to suspect that it was at the hands of so near a relation, or by an attempt so wicked.

What I did tell her, served, however, for new matter to the argument with which she urged her wish that we should leave Judiville. That her wish was taking root in my own mind could not be denied, but that it was likely to have

been strengthened by the influence of such an adventure no one could have foreseen; sometimes I thought of telling her at once all, and of consenting to quit the place without farther delay; but a tender interest prevented me from doing any thing prejudicial to Mr. Bell. Without, therefore, coming to any decisive resolution, I preserved silence; and Bailie Waft, odd, perplexing, and afflicting as the bodie was in general, had the good sense on this painful occasion to hold his peace.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh, wretched state! Oh, bosom black as death!
Oh, limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make essay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

ABOUT two hours after my return home, as I was sitting by myself in my chamber, having requested my wife to leave me alone, a messenger came from the Eagle-tavern, to beg me to go thither where a gentleman was waiting anxiously to see me. I went immediately, and was shown into a private-parlour.

On entering the room, I perceived nobody, but only a table-lamp with a moon-shade: as soon, however, as the waiter closed the door, Mr. Bell came from behind it.

I was greatly agitated at the sight of him; but without speaking he walked round to the far-side of the table on which the lamp was

standing, and looked at me with a strange but steady stare.

Being a tall man, the light was cast in a very awful manner on his countenance, the shadows were thrown upwards, and the dark hollows of his eyes made his visage as dismal as a *memento mori*.

I waited to hear what he had to say, resolved that my words should be few, and, if possible, well chosen: at last he broke silence in these strong terms—

"So, you think me capable of committing murder?"

"You have told me so yourself, Mr. Bell," was my answer; "be thankful you have been preserved from the guilt of so great a crime. What have I done to exasperate the sin within you to an issue so terrible?"

He looked at me for some time with a solemn eye and a resolute serenity of countenance; it was superhuman: he then said—

"You have done me many kind favours, and yet I have been constrained to hate you."

"Constrained, Mr. Bell! What do you mean? By what have you been constrained?"

"By Satan," replied he: "my reason, my

will, are at war within me, against the foul phantasy by which I am possessed."

"Mr. Bell," said I, "it were better we talked no farther on this business; go home and implore Divine assistance to enable you to overcome the prideful demon that has of late had you too much in his power. Allow me to wish you good night—good night."

"You shall not go!" cried he, coming round to where I stood; "I must explain to you the controversy of my spirit—you cannot else know how much I merit your pardon. Oh! heaven and hell, burning and glory, death and light, bliss and perdition, mingled to make a chaos in this bosom before the conception of murder was complete."

"This, Mr. Bell, is passion—what avails it to yourself or to me now, to tell me of your purpose; I trust the infatuation has gone off, and that yet you may enjoy many days of happiness and honour. Be you calm, and it will remain a secret: I pray you, let me go home: may Heaven compose you!"

While I spoke these few rapid sentences, his visage underwent an appalling change, and he grasped me by the right wrist with his right

hand, and looked in my face with a glare that made me shudder.

"No!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse and hollow voice,—"no; my purpose is unquenched."

I started from him, and cried, "In the name of all that's holy, why have you sent for me? I ought not to stop one moment longer."

He followed me and laid his hand upon my shoulder: "You shall not go;" and he fell upon my neck and wept like a child.

When the paroxysm subsided, he sat down on a chair; but there was in all this such manifest madness that I had a dread upon me lest he would attempt violence, and compel me to call for help.

"Mr. Bell," said I, "by what strange frenzy are you driven to hate me!—when we were both poor men, equal though unequal, I regarded you as a friend, and I believe you so considered me; I had then confidence in my destiny, and you had the same — not in your own, Sir, but in mine. Your service was useful, and for it I admitted you into the chances of my fortune, and by partaking of them you have risen to a rank, to which, if you did aspire in your hopes, nothing in your life or conduct warranted you to expect. Unhappy man! I pity you, and

for your sake will hereafter avoid you: —again I wish you good night."

"Demons have been before cast out of men," cried he, rubbing his temples wildly with both hands, "and the Devil hath once more departed from me. I am now calm, and have a tale to tell, that, even were you sunk beneath my knife, would make you pity me. During these whirlwinds, some horrible thirst instigates me to long for your blood; to quaff it would be as the enjoyment of love."

I could listen to no more; I saw him kindling again, and opening the door, called aloud for help; he stood amazed—dejected; several persons who were in the bar-room obeyed the summons.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed I, "Mr. Bell this evening met with an accident; he fell into the river: he has not taken care of himself; a fever has come on, and it attacks his brain."

He cast on me a glance of indescribable intelligence; it expressed a wild thankfulness for my forbearance; in the same moment he threw himself again into a chair, and gave way to the demoniac bursts of laughter.

Doctor Phials was sent for, by whom he was bled; he was then put to bed in the tavern,

and two men appointed to watch him. From that time he remained silent; and when at a late hour I approached his couch to bid him good night, he took hold of my hand, and pressed it with kindly warmth, looking up in my face with such sad and solicitous eyes!

I had not left him many minutes when, it seems, he started up, and tearing the bandage from his arms, broke out into hideous imprecations on himself; insomuch that the men were obliged to employ force before they could get him subdued and the bleeding stopped. But though they afterwards described the scene, and their alarm, as believing him under the disaster of a fever, one of them next day curiously inquired if I did think Mr. Bell was really delirious.

Certainly, I did regard his disease as of the mind, and for that, before returning home, I went, regardless of the late hour, to Mr. Dinleloof. I roused him from his bed, and related to him as much as I thought he ought to know of the case, entreating him to go to Mr. Bell, persuaded that the sweetness in his piety could not fail to appease the bitter thoughts of the demoniac's remorse. And it was well I did so; for, on seeing Mr. Dinleloof, he became calm,

and, after some time, having persuaded him to dismiss the two attendants, he made a clean breast of the insane vengeance which at times attained such awful masterdom over him.

This confession the gentle dominie confided to me in the morning, and I charged him, as no crime had been committed, to bury it in his own breast. About mid-day, after a refreshing sleep, the penitent returned home, an altered, lowly, and dejected man.

It is dark and solemn to believe oneself hated to death; all lesser enmities may be known with comparative ease of mind, but the knowledge of such a sepulchral fact is poison in the cup of life—it is a spectre haunting you in all places. The shadows of the twilight take form and substance from it; the scratching of the pilfering mouse becomes like the inbreaking of a burglar with murderous intents; the visitor's knock hath the horror of a 'larum in it; the casual glance of the stranger is mysterious; the haste of a follower in the street startles you; the fields are full of fear, and in the woods "the sound of the shaken leaf shall chase you."

CHAPTER VIII.

He to England shall along with me.

My mind being made up to leave Judiville, I set about the necessary preparations, but not without some tugging at the heart before I could screw my resolution to the sticking-point. With respect to worldly means, my elder family were all well provided; three of them, in their domestic condition, had as fair a prospect of felicity as commonly appertains to the state of man; but still I was loth to leave them, especially to leave my discreet and sagacious Charles, who had not yet found a conjugal helpmate.

I had also some anxiety concerning where to fix our place of rest; but, after due consultations, both my wife and I agreed that we ought to make our first domicile in London, where we could enjoy ourselves in our own way more unheeded than in the country; and that, as I

had no cause of business pressing for haste, we should take our journey and the voyage at our leisure; as the song sings, said I, "Let us live by the way."

It was soon known we were about to move; indeed, it had been expected from the time I retired from the responsibilities of business; and so far it was fortunate, for some rumour had begun to spread of Mr. Bell's wicked animosity; and but for the previous opinion, it might have been thought I was fleeing from his hate; which would have been a woful thing to have heard as causeway talk, considering the connection between our families, and that he was a minister of the Gospel. For myself, I did every thing in my power to arrest the rumour, and to pacify the feelings of the miserable man, by showing him all manner of outward respect. The reverence of the mind I could not give, and I was grieved at feeling myself so little of a Christian as to be so contumacious.

I suffered also sorrow at the thought of bidding old Mr. Hoskins and his peaceful wife farewell for ever. He had been to me a kind friend and a wise counsellor, and in all the oddities of his nature I had never found a knot. He was

a bird's-eye maple, full of specks and swirls, but firm and beautiful in the grain. His wife had been as a mother to my daughters from the time their own was taken away;—she bad brought them up with commendable habits of household thrift; a solid foundation, upon which Mrs. Cockspur and their stepmother raised the lighter ornaments of parlour proprieties, and made them competently fit to assist in the ministration of the ample means with which it had pleased Providence to endow their lots.

And truly to confess, I was not quite content at the thought of parting for aye from that cruet of vexation, John Waft; for how it was no man can tell, but to a certainty I had a strong regard for the bodie, although we never met without fighting a duel with needles and pins, pricking one another to the quick. I was not, however, left long to croon over a "fare the well, and if for ever," concerning him; for about a week or ten days before the time settled for our departure he called on me.

"So ye're agoing, are ye, Mr. Todd?" said he, "and no doubt with a purse ye may shake against the wind; na, if a' tales be true, in the very teeth of a hurricane—lucky for you! A blithe day was that, and ought to be considered

so, when ye were transported from the pier of Leith to the wilds of America for sedition or high treason—whilk was 't? However, I 'm no' come to speak peace and consolation at this time, but to consult you, if ye have leisure, anent a sma' matter of business."

"What is 't, Bailie? for I must beg you to be brief, as ye see me busy making up my papers."

"Well then, Mr. Todd, I 'll use but few words. Ever since I came to this settlement, ye have been the best of friends to me; for, notwithstanding your fashous temper, I 'll maintain always that ye 're no' void of every virtue, but can be both friendly and even civil when ye happen no' to be in your tantrams."

"Mr. Waft," said I, not having time then to talk much to him, "I request you to come to the point, for I see very well that ye 're wising and fleeching to get the weather-gauge of me. What is it you have to say?"

"No, as sure 's death, Mr. Todd, I 'm noo on sincere business: I just have come to ask you how ye would advise me to send my bit gathering home?"

"Home! Gude preserve us! Are ye thinking of going home too?—that 's news!"

"'Deed am I, Mr. Todd; for what would I do with mysel' when ye're gone? I would just dauner about and dwine away, thinking of you, my auld friend, and the blithsome cracks we have had wi' one another, and would some morning be found cauld dead at the root of a muckle tree. If I didna loup o'er the linn, a man demented for having nothing to wreak himself upon."

"I really must say, Johnny," replied I, softened to hear him so speak, for it was in unison with my own feelings toward the troublesome creature—"I must say, it's a satisfaction to hear ye're in a circumstance to return home; and I would advise you to go to my brother in the Bank, and he'll send your money just as ye wish it."

"That, no doubt, Mr. Todd, he can do in a most correct manner; but then he charges pe-cents for something he calls the exchange, and a pe-cent for the negotiation; noo, as I ken nothing about exchanges or negotiations, I would fain be counselled by you."

"What may ye have to remit, Bailie?"

"Oh, no great sum; ye needna speer that, and the pe-cent would take the bowels out of it. Now, if ye would, just in consideration of the

many funny days we have had in the woods together, take my mouldy pennies here, and give me two lines, that ye 'll pay 't back at home, it would be kind and serviceable."

"Well, Bailie, I suppose it must be so.—How much have ye to remit?"

"Only a trifle. Oh! Mr. Todd, although you yoursel' have been a most fortunate man, it has not been so with every body that has come to America. Your brother kens the particulars of my hainings, which I cannot say mysel' exactly—just give me a scrape of a pen to him to transfer the amount to your credit, telling him ye have agreed to take it and will repay me in Britain. Among friends that have confidence in one another, like us, there 's no need to be standing upon bills and bonds, and sic like ceremonies."

Well, I did accordingly as the Bailie requested, and he went to the Bank and settled the matter outright. The money was passed to my account, and he wheedled my brother to give him an original and duplicate of a letter describing the transaction; but the courteous reader may well imagine my surprise, when I heard that the remittance amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds, and the devil of a

bodie had contrived to get the better of me, to the tune of more than two hundred and thirty pounds, for I had no conception he was so rich ; I need not say, therefore, that I was seriously angry to have been so taken in, and vowed in my displeasure never to speak to him again.

"In the name of honesty," said I, when upbraiding him, "how have you made so much money?"

"How would ye like, Mr. Todd, if I would say, 'In the name of dishonesty, how have ye made your inordinate riches?'" was his reply.

It was of no use to argue with him—what's bred in the bone is ill to get out of the flesh ; so, when I reflected on my own circumstances, I resolved to let this loss drop,—but I could not divine how such a trifling silly bodie, in every thing, got so the better of me. It was really a mystery I could never explain.

CHAPTER IX.

> Give me your hand.
> I 'll privily away. I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause, and *Aves* vehement.—
> Fare you well !"

ON the day preceding our farewell to Judiville, I assembled all my friends and the connexions of my family; I even invited Mr. Bell, but I must honestly confess this was not done without a struggle; not that I bore him any ill-will, nor could doubt his penitence sincere; but he had manifested such an ungovernable spirit, that I never could reconcile it to my notions of propriety, to countenance a man who had raised his hand against his neighbour's life.

There may be those who will think I was actuated by the murderous intent having been

aimed against myself; and from the secret recesses of the heart, whence influences issue upon our wills unknown to ourselves, doubtless some antipathy may have worked upon me to that effect. But I was unconscious of the evil—I believed myself to have pardoned his fearful malignity, with a charity that had not a scruple of reservation in it; but, nevertheless, I could not escape from a sense of horror, when I thought of his demoniac purpose. Still, as the occasion was little short of a death's leave-taking, I stifled my feelings, and, on account of our relationship, invited him to be present, and he came.

We all spent a jocund afternoon together; the women overwhelmed me with small commissions to execute for them in London. I thought they ought rather to have employed my wife; but she was of a sedate humour, and they at all times used more freedom with me than with her. Of course I was not wanting in giving good advice to my sons, nor did I think my daughters and the gentle Volumnia, my eldest son's wife, without the need of a modicum of that same unction—at least they got it.

Mr. Bell sat almost quite silent during the greater part of the entertainment, but his coun-

tenance was less morose than usual; and when he did make an observation, there was a penetrating pathos in his voice deeply affecting.

As we proposed to set out on our journey before break of day, I had my own particular part of the ploy to bring forward. Without letting even my wife know, short-bread, seed-cake and wine — a full service of all the elements commonly in use at a Scottish burial— were prepared for the occasion; and just as the ladies rose to separate, I caused this banquet to be brought in by the men of Mr. Dovetail, the carpenter and undertaker, all in mourning, as if they were serving a funeral. I took myself the first glass of the offered wine, and thought to have calmly, but with solemnity, taken a last farewell, and given my blessing without agitation: but, when I looked around, and beheld my children, my brother, so many that I loved and valued, standing as it were at the bed-side of my departal, and considered myself destined to see some of them no more within the scene and sphere of time, my heart swelled, and I was obliged to set down the glass, and give way to an agony of tears.

It was a weak conceit to prepare that pageant,

but I intended to mark by it the awful point of life, to which the parting from so many that were so dear to me, had brought us. I had not however sufficiently considered the infirmity of my own character, nor could I have anticipated what ensued. The women, yea, all present, even Mr. Hoskins, caught the feeling by which I was moved, and resumed their seats, many of them in tears. At that crisis, Mr. Bell stepped out from the corner in which he had sequestered himself, and coming into the midst of the circle, and lifting his hands, began to pray.

Such a prayer! so awful, so penitential in the acknowledgments, it smote every heart with dread; it was as if he stood face to face in THE PRESENCE, confessing every sin that the recording angel had written in the ancient volume of the Book of Life against him. My grief departed from me like a vapour as he spoke, and my tears were dried up with sorrow and wonder.

After this vehement burst of contrition had subsided, he turned himself towards me, and implored my pardon; for in the passion of his tremendous orison, he confessed his guilty intent against me; and harrowed the souls of

all who heard him, with his story of the temptations on that dreadful night. But for this avowal from himself, the secret would never have been divulged by me.

Such was the manner of the pay-way of our departure from Judiville. In the morning, before the east was dappled, the extra engaged to take us to Utica was at the door, and with my wife, our child, and my son Charles, took us beyond the environs of the town before the dawn appeared. It was so intended, for I knew what I must have suffered had I been obliged to bid farewell to my friends and neighbours in public.

In our journey to New York nothing special occurred; we travelled leisurely at our pleasure, and on our arrival there, made up our minds to remain a month. This was a fortunate decision; it afforded time for my son to forgather with Naomi Primly, the daughter of my old friend, by which occurrence we were induced to prolong our stay until we saw them married.

Soon after the wedding we embarked for London in the Ontario, commanded by Captain Sebor, one of the elect for mildness; and were safely landed on the twenty-sixth day from

that on which we took our departure from New York.

We had not been much above a week on shore, when who should come in upon us, but aunty Beeny, who, on hearing of our arrival, had, as she said, made an elopement from Edinburgh by the James Watt steam-boat to offer her salutations on our return into the circumference of Christendom, and to enjoy with us the entertainment of curiosities which adorn the Metropolitan summit of Britannia's Empire. She brought me two lines which had been addressed to me at Chucky Stanes from Bailie Waft, telling me that he and Lucky his wife had been safely set down in Paisely, and wanting my advice about the disposal of "the bit gathering," he had with so much hard labour, pains, and industry earned in the wilderness of the woods of America. That, however, in these bad times, is a question not easy to answer, so I shall tell him. In the mean time, I here conclude the history of a life that has been in many points not made up of every-day occurrences, and which serves to show how little of good fortune is owing to our own foresight

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

New York

SHOULD I live to see the city again visited with the Yellow Fever, I have determined to remove as soon as my neighbours. I took notice of many things during the prevalence of the late fever, that I think may be of use to the inhabitants to be informed of, should the return of another such calamity compel them to leave their homes.

But before I proceed, I owe my friends and neighbours an apology, in return for the interest they took in my fate while I remained in the infected district. I have resided in this neighbourhood since the death of Dr. Treat, in

the year 1795, and never left it during the prevalence of the yellow fever in all that period; and as the fever never, till this last season, prevailed in my neighbourhood, I did not take the alarm till it was too late to remove. In my house resides an old infirm female relative; it was almost impossible to remove her—and to have left her in the care of a stranger would have been cruel. Our plants (near 2000) would have all perished in a few days: any person that has been in the habit of raising plants, knows there is a certain attachment, beyond their value in dollars and cents—vegetable life is life still. I know those cold, calculating mortals, whose ideas never rose above a bale of cotton, or a cask of molasses, will smile at this. It only shows, that they are neither burthened with mother wit nor philosophy.

Besides, our whole stock of seeds, peas, and beans, would have been destroyed as the rats came round me in hundreds in a few days after my neighbours removed; and had not the cats in nearly equal numbers quickly followed, I could hardly have stood my ground. But these useful cats, (like some of our good democrats, who generously serve the public for ten or twelve dollars per day,) compelled by hunger,

and no doubt, in gratitude for what food and shelter I gave them, so completely cleared the premises, that I have not seen a rat since the 10th of September last. Let me here remind the public, should they again leave their homes, not to forget these poor animals, and suffer them to die by hundreds in the streets with hunger. A wise king once said, "A merciful man is merciful to his neighbour's beast." What are we to think of them who had no mercy on their own beasts? And here, if I could command words, I ought to record the philanthropy of two Long Island milkmen, and a generous-hearted Irishman, who, for several weeks, left at my doors each a quart of milk, for the good of the starving cats; also, of a very big, coloured woman, residing at the corner of John and Cliff-streets, who might be seen every morning in the street before her door, dividing the offals, which she had collected from the market, among forty or fifty cats.

On the 7th September, having sent the last of my family to the country, and considering it my duty to remain, I made my arrangements for life or death, just as Providence might order. I engaged a nurse to live in my house, and after several fruitless attempts, a respect-

able physician undertook to attend me, if wanted. I rose at my usual hour every morning, wrought as usual all day, and went to bed at ten, my regular hour for many years past; and by way of preventive, as has always been my custom whenever the fever prevailed, put on my *winter clothes*, and before I left my room in the morning, took half a glass of *Rue water*, which is made by putting two ounces of green rue in a porter-bottle, and adding one pint of clear rain water, and one pint of Holland gin.

From the most particular observations I have been able to make, I am satisfied in my own mind, that we would have no yellow fever in New York, in a public sense; and but few cases in a private sense, without a *first exciting cause.* I believe the air of the city was in a state to receive infection, but the flame would not have burst out, except some foul vessel, like the match applied to the powder, first commenced the blaze. I found this opinion on the fact, that the fever has always commenced its march from the neighbourhood of our wharfs; and for several weeks previous to the late fever, a number of very dirty, suspicious-looking vessels, apparently Spanish or Portuguese, lay near

the spot where it first commenced. What effect the contents of one of these nasty vessels might have, could they be discharged among the inhabitants of Bergen or Harlæm Heights, it is hard to tell. But one thing we all are sure of, that neither the sick, the dead, nor their bedding, has ever spread the contagion in the villages.

By fever in a private sense, I mean individuals who took the fever. I believe there was not one who remained in the infected district till the beginning of October, but what had the seeds of the disease ripe in their blood; and wanted only some act of imprudence, such as intoxication, colds, over-fatigue, &c. to set the disease a-going. I could fill a volume of instances in support of this opinion, to which I was an eye-witness, in the late and former fevers.

Yours, &c.

No. II.

In my last I stated that I never saw a single instance of what I would term a *spontaneous case* of yellow fever. The first case in my

neighbourhood the season past, was Mr. Tate, a respectable coloured man, temperate, strong, and healthy. He was one of the temporary watch—was on duty the night of the 3d of September, was dressed in thin clothes, no great coat—it rained in the night, he got partially wet, complained of pain in the bones next day, was out next night again—no great coat—weather very hot. He told me it changed about two o'clock in the morning, and that he felt the cold very sensibly. At half-past five the thermometer stood in my yard at fifty-two. I took hold of his hand—his pulse beat high—I advised him to call a physician—he was afraid of being reported—he took medicine: while under its operation, was out and in—sometimes dressed, sometimes in bed. On Saturday the seventh, at five P.M. I spoke to him in the street; on Sunday evening a physician was called for the first time; and by half past seven he was dead. Sept. 14.—It rained early this morning. Smith and his wife, residing at 21½ Nassau-street, stood near half an hour collecting water from a gutter—got completely wet—taken down same day. Smith died in seven, and his wife some days after him. James North, stocking-weaver, in my house,

having business in the Bowery, met with an old acquaintance—stayed till night—was overtaken by a thunder-shower — got completely wet; next morning had the fever in its highest degree, and died the seventh day. Two out of the five sugar-house cases commenced in a similar manner; but as all their places of residence was in the upper part of the city, I never got any account of the others. There is one fact worth recording here, viz. Mr. Christian, the foreman, a sober, regular, temperate man, was the only person about the works who eat and slept nearly through the whole fever season at the sugar-house, and he enjoyed his usual health. The other men slept up town, and came to work in the morning. It appeared to me from the manner in which the doctors reported cases to the Board of Health, that they had entered into a conspiracy to scare the already frightened inhabitants of New York. About the 10th of September, Peter Sims was reported sick of yellow fever in Orange-street; it was added that he had attended Tate. This was incorrect; for Tate had no attendance: the fact is, Sims was at Tate's funeral. Next day, being a little indisposed, he called a physician, who, as soon as he learned where he had been,

pronounced it yellow fever; however, he was able to go about his usual business in a few days.

Next week, Abraham Gordon was reported sick of yellow fever with the addition, he had been in Tate's house. Gordon belonged to the temporary watch — lay down the fore part of the evening, and having over-slept himself, hurried out, forgetting his watch-coat; in one hour was struck with a chill, had a sharp attack of the fever, but recovered.

A man was reported sick of yellow fever, and by way of addition, it was stated, this man assisted to extinguish the fire in the Coal-Yard, at the bottom of Rector-street. Here was a most alarming instance of the poisonous atmosphere in Washington-street. Now for the *whole truth*. The fire was extinguished between twelve and one o'clock, P. M. — a very hot day; if I am not mistaken, the 21st of September. This man, covered with sweat, dust, and smoke, (and maybe a little stimulated withal,) throws off his clothes, and plunges in the stream. I have no doubt but the Doctors who reported the above cases knew the attending circumstances; and had they been reported

along with the cases, it would have tended to diminish the terror of the infected district, and thrown light on the commencement of this terrible disease: but, however important this might have been to every inhabitant of this city, it appeared (at least to me) there was something like a premeditated plan to suppress every thing that might throw light on the subject. When a physician was called, his first inquiry was—*not* how the patient had conducted himself for the last two or three days; whether he had been exposed to extra fatigue, cold, or excess of any kind—but, where have you been? If it was ascertained that the patient had been in any part of the city to the southward of Beckman-street, his case was immediately pronounced *yellow*, although, as in several instances, it proved to have been only a slight attack of *Barley Fever.* It was enough to make common sense blush to read the daily reports at this period. It was only after a long and violent contest, that any fever to the east of Beckman-street, was admitted to be yellow; while it was as clear as a sunbeam, that the fever began at the water's edge on the west point of the city, and marched with a steady

step, till it reached the eastern shore at Corlær's Hook, and there stopped, having no more subjects to feed on.

Yours, &c.

No. III.

One beautiful moonlight evening, towards the end of September, I walked up Broadway to view its desolations. I stopped fifteen minutes near the spot in Chamber-street, where the man used to fix his spy-glass to look at the moon. It appeared as if I then stood on the line between the living and the dead. Below was the stillness of death, only interrupted now and then by the groans of the sick and dying, the rattling of the hearse, the voice of the solitary watchman, and the squalling of the starved cats. Above, was the usual bustle of street-walkers; and the wind blowing gently from the north, I could plainly distinguish the broad, hoarse laugh of the crowds around the doors of the Circus, whose interior was crowded with our citizens, who only a few days previous had fled before the face of death, but now, in the full tide of fancied security, joined chorus

with master sweeps and their apprentices, made the air resound as if all hell had broken loose. I thought if these people had any feelings, they could by no means be of the finer kind.

I will now conclude my remarks, by giving you a few of my thoughts on things as they passed. I thought the machine used for conveying the sick poor to the Hospital, was the most improper that could be contrived for that purpose, as I never could discern any difference between it, either in shape, size, or colour, and the one used for carrying the dead to Potter's Field. The rich who were removed after being taken sick, fared little better; only they were dragged off in a gilded chariot, while the former rode in a hearse: but few, very few, of either rich or poor, who were removed when sick, ever returned. I thought the life of the patient was generally decided by the treatment they received during the three or four hours after being attacked by the prevailing disease.

On the 14th of September, I received through the post-office, letters from two respectable physicians then out of town, exhorting me, by all the arguments of religion, nature, and friendship, to fly from the infected district, as a man ought to fly whose house was on fire, &c. In

my mind I felt very grateful for their disinterested and kind intentions; and had it been in my power, I would have left the city, had it only been to please them: but I had a post which I thought it was my duty to keep, even at the risk of my life; besides, the comparison of a "house on fire" I did not think was strictly applicable to my situation. I thought it was more like going into battle, where every shot might kill me or my neighbour;—but all would not fall; and though death flies thick, the man or officer who leaves his post, is deservedly punished. I thought when I saw a man issuing from the war-office with his commission to fight the battles of his country, and another issuing from a surgeon's hall with his diploma to practise the healing art, that both, in some sense, took their lives in their hands; the one to defend his country's rights, and the other as a guardian of the public health. I thought when I saw the lamp-lighter every morning come from Greenwich, climb the infected fence, to trim, and ıgain at night to light every lamp in the disrict,—when I saw the bakers from the Bowery, nd the milkmen from Long-Island, come their ounds every morning, (men who lived in pure ir,) and not take the fever, I thought that fear

had fallen on certain doctors, where no fear was. When I saw six or seven respectable physicians daily go their rounds in the infected district, some on foot, and some in their chairs, and at times attending the sick poor from whom they could never expect any compensation, I thought they deserved a statue of gold. When I saw the assistants of the Board of Health every day, with about fifty pounds weight of keys, exploring every infected corner of this district, and the same drivers of the hearse daily pass my doors with their load of mortality, I thought either the doctrine of the fever's being communicated by smell or breathing, was not correct; or that Providence, in mitigation of this calamity, by a miracle preserved the lives of these men in the performance of their necessary duties. — There was another remarkable fact; I never could learn that any of the regular city night-watch took the fever, though they stood their regular tours through all the infected district; nor the men who watched the banks by night and by day. But these men were sober, steady, cautious livers, who knew the value of great coats, even in a summer night. It is true, five or six of the temporary watch died; but they were a different sort of

men from our old sober-sided Dutch cartmen, many of whom compose the city watch. I do not mean to say that no temperate livers fell victims to the yellow fever: I know many: and I have known some of this class to sit from nine to eleven o'clock at night in the long cool passage of their houses, enjoying a most agreeable current of air, and think they were promoting health by checking perspiration. I have known some by taking preventives reduce their bodies till they raised the fever in their blood: one of this class I could name, who died of yellow fever, with his pockets full of anti-bilious pills. One or two cases were reported of persons who, it was said, came from the country, walked in the infected district, went home, took the fever, and died. It may be true; but I suspect, if the circumstances had been properly investigated, they would have borne another complexion. Amongst a hundred instances I could mention in opposition to this doctrine of *instantaneous infection*, I will mention only one: the wife of Mr. Christian, foreman of the sugar-house in Liberty-street, removed to the country with her three children, about the beginning of July. About the middle of September, hearing of the many cases reported in and about the sugar-

house, she got so alarmed for the fate of her husband, who still resided in the sugar-house, that she returned with her children, and lived eight days in the sugar-house—went back to the country—came to town again in November with her children, all in good health; neither of whom had one hour's sickness, though they had eat, slept, and breathed, in the most infected spot of the whole infected district, for eight days and nights. How well this fact corresponds with the cases of two children in Dutch-street, reported with great pomp, no doubt, to the Board of Health, who, as the report stated, had been looking through the broad fence, corner of Broadway and Liberty-street! It turned out, however, that they had been at market—fell in with a *liberal* Dutch market-man—(a rare occurrence!)—got as many peaches as they could eat—took sick; but in a few hours they were playing in the street as usual!

I will now conclude with two short remarks: I cannot think the churchyards produce yellow fever. For twenty-five years that I have lived within ten yards of one, I have not been one day sick. Had the fever either commenced, or lingered in its march when it reached a church-yard, there might have been some foundation for

the idea; but I think, if the advocates for burying in town were to visit the beautiful stillness in death that is visible in and about the burial ground of New-Haven, (where the weary seem emphatically at rest,) they would no longer wish to lay their departed friends in vaults, running under the pavements of the streets, where their bones are kept in perpetual motion by the rolling of carriages and carts.

I think when our worthy friend B. R. came down Broadway, exploring the dry gutters and clean pavements in search of the origin of the fever, had he just put on his spectacles, he might have seen, at the foot of Rector-street, the spot where it began; he might have seen it spread along Washington, before it reached Greenwich-street; he might have seen it in Lumber, then creeping up Rector-street; and being a master of figures, he might have counted near forty days from its commencement before it spread its poisonous breath among the clean, healthy and airy mansions of Broadway. Had he taken the above precaution, I don't think he would have laid the blame on the poor water-carts sprinkling the light dust of the street with clear salt-water. Had I not found the name of so respectable a citizen to the work

above quoted, I would have thought it was a conspiracy among the *patent coat cleaners and sellers of cough drops*, to encourage trade. Fifty years ago, the small-pox created as great an alarm, and proved as fatal as the yellow fever does now. The very mention of yellow fever inspires the minds of most people with such a terror, that they are unable to think or speak aright on the subject. The ghost of Buonaparte landing on the Battery at the head of a thousand Cossacks, could not have produced a more precipitate retreat than was witnessed in New York last August. If our great men and little men, wise men and learned men, would agree for a while to suspend their fast-held opinions—let it once be said, the same cause will produce the same effect every where; that the same degree of heat, filth and moisture, will produce the same poison in New York as it does in Havanna; that the foul air in the hold of a vessel, coming from a higher latitude, will gather more strength and virulence from having been pent up for weeks or months, and, if allowed to explode at our wharfs, will catch our already inflammable air, as certainly as the spark from the flint applied to the powder—surely, every friend to a besieged city will agree to

put down the enemy within, as well as prevent his approach from without. Let those whose business it is, act like rational men, and make the best use of the means Providence has put in their power; then may we expect, through His blessing, to escape this dreadful scourge.

GLOSSARY.

THE YANKEYISMS ARE IN ITALICS.

ASHYPELT — a familiar creature, kept about the fire-side, a dog, a cat, or a guinea-pig.
ATOMY — anatomy, properly skeleton.
AULD FARRANT — shrewd.

BACHLE — old shoe.
BAUK — rafter or joist.
BARDY — impudent.
BEDSTOCK — bedside.
BEIN — comfortable as to circumstances.
BIRR — energy, vis.
BLACKFOOT — ambassador, or go-between.
BLETHERS — nonsense.
BOGLE — a scare-crow.
Boozer, a — a drunkard.
Boss, a — an overseer of mechanics.
BRAE — hill.
BUBBLYJOCK — a turkey.
BUCKIE — a twisted shell, which seems always to have a sound within it; hence a crying child is called a roaring buckie.
Bush — the wild woods.

CANTRIP	spell or charm.
Cent, a	a coin, the hundredth part of a dollar.
CHAP OR CHAPPY	a boy, or short thick-set little fellow.
CHUMLA LUG	chimney-corner: it is not, however, the exact meaning, for the lug of the chumla was a sort of handle projecting from the corner of the grate.
CLACHAN	hamlet or village.
Cleared out, a	run-away.
CLEEKING	taking hold of the arms.
CLISHMACLAVERS	idle talk.
CLOUTS	rags or old clothes.
Cocktail, a	a dram of bitters.
COOMY	sooty.
COSILY	snugly.
COUTHY	kindly intimacy.
CRACKS	familiar conversation relative to news.
Cradleheap, a	the remains of the decayed trunk of a tree.
CROINING	drying up.
CROON	churme or hum.
CRUNKLY	anything harsh and uneven; for example, Habakkuk is a crunkly word.
CUTTY	a pert little girl, supposed to resemble such as have mounted the repenting stool.
Damndest, a	worst, do your worst.
DAIZT	confused, stupified.
DARG	day's work.
DAUNER	saunter.
DEPARTAL	death.
DICHT	wipe.
DISJASKET	wearied, dishevelled, faded, or rather the effect of all three.
DIVORS	shabby persons.

DOER	a guardian.
DROOKET	thoroughly wet.
DROWTH	thirst.
DUDDY	ragged.
DUNKLE	a hollow from a blow on a metallic vessel. See Porter Pots.
EERIE	superstitious dread or apprehension.
ETTLE	endeavour or try.
EVEN	equal.
EVENING	comparing one thing as like to another.
FASH	that which troubles.
FASHERIE	trouble or vexation.
FASHIOUS	producing trouble or vexation.
FEEDAM	an indication of fatality.
FEY	fated.
FIRIKIN	firkin.
FLEECHING	enticing or seducing.
FYKIE	the disposition to tease. N. B. Sea Fyke, a hint to Pickles—Take the dry sea-foam found on the shore, pulverise it in a shovel over the fire, and rub the powder slily over the cheek or other delicate part of a maiden aunt, and make your escape.
GABERLOONIE	a beggar man.
GARS	obliges, compels.
GAUSY	comfortably fat. See many landladies, aldermen, and church dignitaries.
GIRDLE	a thin plate of iron for baking cakes upon.
GLOAMING	the evening twilight.
Go the whole Hog,	literally buy the whole carcase.
GOUPING	palpitating, throbbing.

Gowan	the mountain daisy.
Grade	rank, degree.
Gradawa, or Graduate	a physician.
Grue	shudder, or the moral feeling which accompanies it.
Guess,	think.
Guffaw	a loud horse-laugh.
Gumashins	gaiters, properly stockings without feet, worn with shoes, and serving for boots. Query, is this from "*Come o'er shins?*"
Hainings	savings.
Handling	a domestic bustle.
Harld	rough cast.
Help, a	a domestic female servant.
Heckle	a machine for clearing and combing flax, used figuratively for scolding or such like tribulation.
Hirple	the action of a cripple or lame person in walking.
Herrying	rifling.
Holmes	the flat open meadow land at the turn of a river between the bank and the higher land.
Hooly	gently, softly.
Howdie	a midwife.
Huml't	without horns.
Hunkers	the hams.
Immigration, a	the incoming of emigrants.
Inkling	a hint.
Inns	a tavern or inn.

KAIL	colewort.
KAILYARD	kitchen-garden.
KEEKING	peeping slily.
Kegget, a	a vow not to drink any liquor for a certain time.
KEN	know.
KINKHOST	hooping-cough.
KITTLY	ticklish.
KILFUDYOCH	much ado about nothing.
LAMITER	a cripple.
Logging, a	drawing the trunks of trees into a heap to be burnt.
LOOFE	the palm of the hand.
LOZEN	a pane of glass.
LUCKY	used in the sense of mother, or dame in England.
LUG	ear.
LUM	chimney.
Madder, a	mad-angry, madder, more angry.
MARROW	companion, equal.
MEIKLE	many.
MIDDEN	dunghill.
MINTED	hinted, intimated.
MODIWART	a male.
MORTIFICATION	a legacy to a parish.
MUCKLE	large or big.
MURGEONS	grimaces.
MUTCH	a female's cap.
MUTCHKIN	an English pint, or the fourth part of a Scotch one.
NEB	bill of a bird.
NEIGHER	foolish laughter

Neive	fist.
Notour	notorious.
Nout	black cattle.
Ower	too.
Owning a Fault	confessing an irregular marriage.
Pace	Shrovetide.
Pawkie	sly and shrewd.
Peat	turf for burning.
Poopit	pulpit.
Plack	an old Scotch coin one-third of a penny.
Prejinct	particular in manners and dress.
Presinter, or Precentor	precentor, clerk of the church.
Public	a tavern.
Quilt	coverlet.
Rabiator	a furious animal.
Rampageous	rampant with rage.
Randy	a romp of low inclinations.
Reek	smoke.
Revaling, or Ravelling	entangling.
Riddles	sieves.
Soow, a	a small raft with sides.
Seam	a piece of needle-work.
Shanks Nagie	on foot.
Shanty, a	a hut made of bark.
Shearers	reapers.
Siclike	such like.
Slick, a	clever.

Smeddum	energy.
Smiddy Auze	smith's ashes.
Smur	small thick rain.
Snack, a	a hasty refreshment.
Snag, a	a stump, or any impediment in the way.
Sough	the sound of the wind.
Spaewife	a female fortune teller.
Special, a	remarkable.
Speer	inquire.
Spiders	an iron utensil for some kitchen purpose, the exact use not known to me.
Spunk	spirit, animation ; *figurative from fire.*
Stickit	incomplete.
Stoop, a	virandah.
Stoor	dust in motion.
Summer Couts	a visible fluctuation of the atmosphere in warm weather.
Swale	a springy piece of ground.
Tantrams	caprices.
Tauze	the schoolmaster's strap.
Thought	a degree, a little.
Touzle	romping.
Tumbling Tom	a machine in use in the West of Scotland, about or before 1789, to weigh half-pennies.
Tram	the shaft of a carriage.
Trade, a	barter.
Turn	job of work.
Unco	strange, remarkable.
Vogie	vain or proud.
Waife	a strayed thing.

Water privilege	a mill seat.
WERSH	vapid, insipid.
WHAMLE	overturn.
WHILK	which, or a periwinkle.
WINTER DYKES	a screen.
WILING	seducing, enticing.
WISING	persuading.
WILED	seduced, enticed.
WYTE	blame.
YELL	having ceased to give milk.
YULE	Christmas.

THE END.

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